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Events of the Week.

THE Concert of Europe has failed, if it ever attempted, to stop the internecine war in the Balkans, and there is little doubt that this has at length begun in earnest. A sudden change came about in the mood of the Servian Government at the end of last week. M. Pasitch, who had been prepared to accept Russian arbitration on the basis of the Treaty of Alliance, met, or is said to have met, with energetic opposition from the Sobranje at its secret sittings. He suspended the discussions, and then came before it once more with the old impossible formula—arbitration by Russia on the understanding that the treaty which Russia herself had guaranteed should be revised. Some excitable tales of Bulgarian aggression were provided, probably by the military party, to force his hand. But the real reason for the Servian change of attitude was probably the decision which Roumania announced to mobilise, and in the event of a war, to seek "compensation" from Bulgaria. How far this sudden determination is serious, and how far it is spontaneous we do not yet know. Gossip says that Russia incited Roumania to adopt this attitude in the hope of intimidating Bulgaria. It has had exactly the opposite

effect. Servia became bellicose, and Bulgaria set her teeth.

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THE real facts about this week's fighting are not yet known, and may never be known. The Greeks and Servians deal out news promptly and garrulously, but neither of them has any reputation to lose for accuracy, and both have the undisciplined Balkan habit of exaggeration. The Bulgarians say little and speak slowly, but when they say a hundred they mean a hundred and not ten, and they realise that loose talking involves loss of prestige. We are inclined to think that the Servians gave some provocation along the Conventional line towards Istib, whereupon the Bulgarians retaliated on both allies all along the line. They have crossed both the rivers which divided the occupied territory. They have driven the Greeks across the Lower Struna on the far Greek right. More important is their exploit in taking the town of Gevgeli on the right bank of the Vardar, and Krivolak somewhat further north. They have thus bestridden the Uskub-Salonica railway, and the road which follows the Vardar, and so driven a wedge between the Greeks and the Servians. The question is whether this advantage has been retained. On Friday the Greeks published specific accounts alleging the re-capture of Gevgeli.

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THE earlier Servian messages spoke of desperate fighting and glorious victories further north on the edge of the Ovche Polje (plain), near the points where two roads leave the Vardar railway for Prilep and Monastir, and claimed to have captured Istib. The probable explanation is that the Servians here took the aggressive, were in superior force, and may have won some initial successes. A terse Bulgarian message disputes these claims, and the Servians themselves admit heavy losses in killed and prisoners. The larger forces, which are massed on the frontier of Servia itself towards Nisch, have not yet been engaged, nor have we heard of any movement by the main Bulgarian army on the line Kustendil-Kratovo. The Greek exploits include the capture of the little Bulgarian garrison of 1,200 men which was stationed at Salonica. The Bulgarians defended themselves in their houses against overwhelming odds, and eventually surrendered, after considerable slaughter. Each side charges the other with atrocities, and if we hear more of the Greek complaints, it is only because the Greeks bestow almost as much pains on the working of the press as the Bulgars give to their army.

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AT the moment of writing there has been no declaration of war and no cessation of diplomatic intercourse. The Bulgarians, after crossing the Vardar and the Struma, offered to stay their advance, but the Greeks replied that they proposed to retake the lost positions. King Peter meanwhile went to Uskub, it is said to declare war formally. No one can dogmatise about the exact degree of provocation in the frontier incidents. What really has precipitated the fighting is the Roumanian threat of intervention. It stimulated the Servians to adopt a diplomatic attitude which could only mean war. It warned the Bulgarians that if they

should be compelled to act, they must move rapidly in order to defeat their ex-Allies before Roumania could complete her mobilisation and cross the Danube. If Russia really inspired this Roumanian move, she has allowed her jealousy of a too strong and too independent Bulgaria to tempt her into a betrayal of the Slav cause. Crime, or blunder, or both, it has destroyed what was left of her prestige. The German Powers are cynically content to see the Slavs diminishing their own fighting forces and destroying their own cohesion. We discuss elsewhere the inaction of the Concert.

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THE Government has this week all but accomplished the second stage of its controversy with the Lords. The three Bills subject to the Parliament Act—Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Scottish Temperance—will all be passed through the Commons and presented to the Peers. The Plural Voting Bill, which is being resisted in a series of all-night sittings, will be similarly concluded, so that, substantially, the Lords will have before them the whole material of the fighting Liberal case. The "suggestions" stage has been passed over by the Opposition; but Mr. Law, while repudiating it for himself, pleaded on Thursday for offering it to an impalpable body, which he called the House of Commons as a whole.

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE and Sir Rufus Isaacs were entertained on Tuesday at the National Liberal Club under Lord Lincolnshire's chairmanship. The Chancellor delivered an unsparing and much applauded counter-attack on Tory criticisms of his conduct in the Marconi affair. He had, he said, sat silent during the dark and dreary winter of calumny with his hands tied by loyalty to the House of Commons, but now they were free, both to shield and to smite. He could understand an honest bigot, but the pose of a "hungry humbug, steeped in smugness and self-righteousness" revolted him, and the sight of the Tory Party rushing back from Ascot to censure the "semblance of gambling" gave him an "unpleasant cross-Channel feeling." What would the Tory Press have found to say against him had he been the defender instead of the enemy of privilege and monopoly? It was false to pretend that politics and politicians were moved by sordid motives. There was no cash in politics, and if calumny went much further there would be no credit either. As to himself, he would not barter "one heart beat" of Welsh loyalty for all the wealth in the City of London.

* * *

REVERTING to Lord Robert Cecil's report, he fastened on Lord Robert's declaration that no man should put himself in a position in which public duty conflicted with private interests, and, applying it to the coming land campaign, declared that he would force it upon the whole Tory Party. The action of the landlords in 1895 in distributing among themselves the money they had promised for old age pensions was not putting their hands in the till; it was "breaking open the poor-box." In the same fashion, Lord Lansdowne's answer to the laborers' cry for better wages and a juster land tenure was more money for his own class—"an open mind for the laborer, an open mouth for the landlord." Returning to the Marconi episode, he likened himself to Samson, who, after slaying a wild beast, found its carcase full of honey. He and Sir Rufus had been assailed by a "hideous monster," from whose "prostrate form" would come sweetness for the lives of millions.

* * *

ON Thursday, Lord Lansdowne delivered a rather mild reply to Mr. Lloyd George's assault. He said,

satirically, that the Chancellor had applied his precepts against partisanship on the land question to everybody but the preacher. His land inquiry was partisan, for the body making it contained no Unionist. Further, its report was always about to be produced, but the psychological moment for producing it never arrived, while, on the other hand, the Unionists' plan was before the world. Rejecting Mr. George's taunt that the Lansdowne scheme meant an open mind for the laborer and an open mouth for the landlord, he said that the landlord's price would be subject to the revision of the County Council and of the Government department, and to the safeguards as to purchase laid down by Lord Haversham's Committee. As to the agricultural laborer, the Unionists offered him two substantial boons—a chance of land ownership and better house accommodation; while as to wage boards, he only asked that this method should be fairly considered.

* * *

THE work of the Marconi Committee came to a sudden end on Wednesday. The Postmaster-General attended its sitting and explained that as the Marconi Company refused to carry out their contract, and the Government were advised that they could not legally enforce it or recover substantial damages, they intended to proceed no further with it. The Committee then decided that as the subject-matter of their inquiry had been disposed of, it was useless to go on. Mr. Samuel offered to make a statement of the Government's intentions, but the Committee thought that this had better be delivered to Parliament. The Committee, therefore, exists no longer. Its procedure has been at times eccentric, and its motives partisan, but the nation owes a debt of gratitude to its Chairman for the general fairness, good sense, and resolution of his conduct.

* * *

THE Prime Minister made, on Thursday, the gratifying announcement that the Ministers concerned in the holding of shares in the American Marconi Company had relinquished them—a very proper conclusion of the affair. It is stated that Lord Murray has taken over, at cost price, both these shares and those purchased by him on behalf of the Liberal Party, of course at a considerable loss. With this step, therefore, the true public interest in these transactions is satisfied.

* * *

THE Leicester election—an event of great importance in English politics—has resulted in the return of the able Liberal candidate, Mr. Gordon Hewart, by a majority of 1,584 votes. Mr. Hewart obtained 10,863 votes, Mr. Wilshire 9,279, and Mr. Hartley—the candidate of the Socialists and the advanced wing of the Labor Party—2,580. This, of course, is a considerable fall from the figures attained—some 14,000—at recent elections when Liberalism and Labor exchanged votes, while occupying different platforms. The Tory vote has again reached its maximum, which, however, is not a winning number. It is clear that a considerable body of Labor voters abstained, a result due in some measure to a communication from Westminster, which was read out at a Liberal meeting. This message declared the action of the Leicester Labor Party in running Mr. Hartley to be a "grave violation" of party discipline, and a "graceless disregard" of Mr. MacDonald's position, which must bring disruption to the Labor Party, and force Mr. MacDonald to leave Leicester. The immediate author of this communication was Sir Maurice Levy, who declared that he had it "word for word" from a member of the Labor Party. He, again, is rightly or wrongly identified with Mr. Roberts, one of its Parliamentary Whips.

IN a later communication, however, Sir Maurice suggested that some addition had been made to the message, seemingly at the instance of the unoffending press. A little later on it was described as "unauthorised," and, after the election, Mr. MacDonald, speaking at Coalville, declared that not a single word of this "queer manifesto" was true, and that it did not come either from the Executive of the Labor Party or from any Parliamentary Committee. A Liberal member of Parliament had, he said, telephoned it on "tittle-tattle" evidence. In a letter to the "Times," he admitted that the matter had been discussed at "a tea party" at the House, but added that he knew nothing of the telephone message, and was in no way responsible for it. The incident has, of course, increased the existing friction between the right and left wings of the Labor Party, the latter of whom would end the *entente* with Liberalism, but it has led to no open breach.

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THE German Chancellor has carried his Army Bill to its third reading this week, apparently with flying colors. On its military side, indeed, it emerges from the Reichstag practically as it went in. Even the vote which reduced the proposed increase by three cavalry regiments has been reversed. The plain fact is, of course, that the Socialists, unable to defeat the Bill itself, and left as usual without support from the weak Radical fractions, concentrated on the finance of the increases, and here they have achieved a brilliant success. Against the Conservatives and the Agrarians they have made the rather curiously-conceived increment tax on the growth of private fortunes a really effective instrument of direct taxation, and, to the especial horror of the Conservatives, they have struck at inheritance. The Bill remains a plan to add 136,000 men to the German army, which will soon number in peace 866,000 men. But it is, from the Socialist standpoint, no small gain to have forced the doctrine of "ransom" as the price of their inevitable defeat on the main point. They have also scored by extorting an undertaking to reform the barbarous rigors of the military code. The last sitting naturally ended in stormy altercations. The Socialists have done so well that they had to be thoroughly scolded and denounced.

* * *

THE painful Adamovitch case is being used as we expected it would be, as an argument for regularising the British occupation of Egypt. It is not in itself an adequate reason. We believe that our officials have deliberately taken the extremest possible view of consular rights, as Lord Cromer always did, and Sir Eldon Gorst did not, in order to make a strong case against the capitulations. Private pressure, if the Foreign Office would have used it, could have saved Adamovitch; in any event, Russian refugees have many safer places to go to. Lord Cromer uses the case in the "Nineteenth Century" to advocate once more his plan for creating a Legislative Chamber representing all the foreign interests in Egypt, as a substitute for the veto on legislation now exerted by the Powers enjoying capitulations. The present plan is indefensible. But Lord Cromer's scheme means the subjection of Egypt to cosmopolitan finance. The Uitlanders in Egypt are a mere fraction of the total population, and their interest in the country is purely commercial. The plea is, in effect, for the supremacy of the financier in the country he exploits. Whatever may be said for the idea as an alternative, preferable in some respects to the present system or no system, we are clear that it ought not to be considered until the Egyptians themselves have a strong representative Chamber of their

own. Whatever consideration is due to foreign capitalists, the interests of the natives of a country must first be safeguarded and must remain paramount.

* * *

WE are promised a study of Panamism on a really American scale. A certain Colonel Mulhall, employed for many years by that immensely wealthy trust of trusts, the National Manufacturers' Association, as its Lobby Agent at Washington, has undertaken to reveal all the secrets of his trade. He professes repentance; the cablegrams mention as yet no other motive. The "New York World" holds his tremendous dossier of 20,000 incriminating documents. It is, on the whole, a relief to hear that only fifty Congressmen are charged with accepting bribes directly, and of these the majority are not members of the present Houses. The bribes were either direct personal payments or contributions to election expenses. The Lobbying Investigation Committee will impound the dossier, and the House of Representatives will appoint its own committee. The revelation comes opportunely during a period of Tariff Revision, and is expected to strengthen President Wilson's hands in dealing with the opposition of Congress.

* * *

WHAT bids fair to become a general strike among the white miners of the Rand has broken out suddenly this week, and the tale from the mine-owners' standpoint has lost nothing in the telling. The dispute originated long ago at the Kleinfontein Mine, where the men struck against an increase in their hours of work, won their point, and then struck again against the employment of strike-breakers who had been engaged to fill their places. This raised a fundamental trade-unionist principle, and the Miners' Association, faced with a closely federated industry, determined to make the battle general. A ballot for or against striking should have been taken on Friday, but the strike spread spontaneously, and the leaders have now decided to dispense with a vote. An abortive attempt to blow up an electric power-station has caused some panic, and troops are being hurried to the Rand from other districts. The area affected is scattered and vast, but the cablegrams none the less anticipate a general strike, and talk of the difficulty of guarding so many mines. There is also some anxiety about the natives, who are beginning to leave their work and return to their homes. It is evidently an impulsive strike, and the men may be technically in the wrong; but if the employers as a body are backing the Kleinfontein mine in its refusal to reinstate strikers who had gained their point there has been some provocation.

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MR. RUNCIMAN has published some interesting figures which exhibit the continuous and rapid decline of agricultural workers in Great Britain during the last three decades. The decrease has been almost entirely in male workers, who—taking farm laborers and male shepherds together—have fallen by continual steps from 1,041,445 in 1871, to 692,546 in 1901. The number of men and women engaged in agriculture in Great Britain has dropped within the same period from 1,711,813 to 1,396,350. Thus in thirty years the land has lost over three hundred thousand workers. This denotes, in the main, a change from arable culture to permanent pasture, that is to say, from a higher to a lower form of industry. In 1871, Great Britain contained 18,403,125 acres of arable land and 12,435,442 acres under permanent pasture. In 1901 only 14,647,788 acres were arable and 17,446,870 were under grass. During the last decade there has been a slight return to wheat-growing, but no general change of tendency.

Politics and Affairs.

A PLEA FOR A FREE PARLIAMENT.

We do not know where lies the responsibility for the unpleasing incident by which a message to the Labor voters of Leicester was first conveyed to them from a Liberal platform and by a Liberal member. The message, it seems, was not a manifesto, and was not authorised by the Executive Committee of the Labor Party or by any committee of the Parliamentary Party. It was the voice of some Labor members who spoke for themselves, the gossip of a tea-party which was not a conference. Whatever it was, it ought, in the etiquette of politics, to have been conveyed direct to the voters for whom it was intended; and it would have been plainer dealing to describe its precise value in the electoral market before it had been minted in good solid votes. If it was good coin for the Liberals and Labor men of Leicester before the election, the full discovery of its baseness comes a little late in the day, and must embitter a transaction whose substance is plain enough. Why did the heads of the Parliamentary Labor Party desire to discourage Mr. Hartley's candidature? For three good reasons. First, there is an implied exchange of votes between the Liberals and the Labor men of Leicester under which the representation of Leicester is divided, and the Progressive elements in the town get their full measure of representation, instead of half, or nothing at all. This would have been nullified if the Labor men had deprived the Liberals of their share. Secondly, the Labor Party in Parliament stands, not for revolutionary Socialism, but for a method and policy which may be described as Radical Socialism. Thirdly, there is a general understanding between the Parliamentary Labor Party and the Liberals that the Government shall be kept in power long enough to secure Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. For this *Entente* some sound "reasons of State" can be adduced. Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are measures of democracy. The Labor Party, itself cradled in political Liberalism and devoted to the principle of free nationalities, believes in them. Why, then, destroy them, with the result of bringing in a Protectionist Tory Government, pledged to restore the power of the House of Lords and to fortify a system of land-ownership built on the ruin of the peasant holders of England? Toryism makes no advance to the Labor Party; has nothing to offer it; cannot even be trusted to respect the right of industrial combination. With Liberalism a quarrel might indeed be opened on such questions as woman suffrage, indirect taxation, or the contributory side of Insurance. Subject to these differences, the tie of interest is substantial. Nevertheless, a conflict of feeling and a contrast of tone and policy exist between the Parliamentary Party and a powerful section of its supporters outside.

The origin of this real and long-continued divergence lies in the character of our politics, and has incidentally been aggravated by a not entirely unexpected result of the working of the Parliament Act. The Labor Party

does not feel itself in power. It does not hold the stage. The two great party organisations share out offices, control patronage, run policy, conduct the thousand-and-one operations which keep the State organism in being. What is the Labor Party in this great buzzing engine of Empire? A fly on the wheel, say the extremists. Yet no share of responsibility can be permitted to a party which does not enter Governments and does not formally coalesce with either of the directing parties. The Labor Party has not even the ultimate ambition of the Nationalists. They, too, put themselves under a self-denying ordinance. But one day they expect to rule Ireland. Do the Labor Party ever expect to rule Britain, as their comrades of the Pacific have ruled Australia? We all know that a thousand obstacles of caste, privilege, custom, stand in the way.

But that is not all. It is not only the lack of control which chafes the eager and dissatisfied spirits in the ranks of labor; it is the loss of the power of criticism. "We don't necessarily ask you to turn the Government out," say the Labor Forwards, "but why don't you criticise it? Where are your Bills? Your alternative Budgets? What of your mandate to bring to the conscience of Parliament and the nation an effective knowledge of the poverty and misery of great masses of the people?" To which the Parliamentary Party virtually answer with an appeal to the practice of Parliament:—"If we act as you suggest, we shall soon destroy the Government. Ministries are only swayed by votes; and hostile votes can only be arranged in concert with the Tories; and our first success brings Toryism, Ulsterism, Protectionism into power." Here, we think, lies a substantial grievance, which affects not only the Labor Party, but the political life of the nation. The device of snatch divisions in itself exposes the weakness of a system under which a Government, at once all powerful and trembling for its existence with every stroke of Big Ben's hammer, finds it necessary to hold over the heads of friends and foes alike the tremendous weapon of a Dissolution of Parliament as the result, not of a general withdrawal of confidence, but of one unfavorable division, it may be on a minor issue. Why should not Labor men and Radicals be able to speak freely on Estimates without bringing the Government and the fortunes of progress to the ground? Why should we not have had a perfectly free discussion of the Insurance Act, with a view to impressing on it the seal not merely of the Government but of the Parliament? The present position is, in effect, that the doctrine of the infallibility and plenary inspiration of Governments is tendered to the State as it was tendered not so many years ago to the Church in the very hour when the critical sense of man has awakened to the extreme fallibility of Popes and of Prime Ministers. Why should a Government not be enabled freely to take admonitions, counsel, even modifications of policy, from its friends and from independent critics? Why should it not occasionally be led by Parliament, instead of always driving it?

Nor is the trouble merely that a Government proposes wrong things, or adopts wrong or ill-considered means of bringing them about. It is that the circle of party

politics cannot and does not coincide with the whole sphere of national interests. Sir Harry Johnston, in Tuesday's "Westminster Gazette," gave an interesting sketch of some strictly and, so far as we know, permanently "unofficial" problems of our time. There is woman suffrage. Neither party will touch it. So social order is convulsed and a bitter and seemingly endless sex-quarrel irritates and degrades the community. Or take the reform of the marriage laws and of legal procedure. Both these questions strike deep roots into the character and fortunes of the people. Neither is susceptible of merely partisan treatment. The same may be said of the problem of stage censorship; and of many vital aspects of education. But each of them presents essentially one point of view to the party manager—Will it, under the present forms of Parliament and the Constitution, hurt or help the Government? The non-official member of the House of Commons has no part in these decisions; as a rule, he has no real part even in the business allotted to the party programme. This the two Front Benches, the officials, and their expectant successors discuss between them. Of these debates Parliament is, indeed, an auditor, as well as a voter on the broader issues, which, again, are rigorously shaped and determined for it. But since the introduction of the closure, unaccompanied by a real organisation of the system of Committees, it has almost ceased to be an intellectual participant.

Now we suggest that before we close the controversy which opened with the passing of the Parliament Act, we must see that the power which that measure was supposed to confer—and, if rightly used, will confer—on the representative body in our Constitution really goes to it, and not to a foreign, and to some extent, a hostile authority. Two historic devices seem to us suitable to the end which we believe most thoughtful men desire, namely, a larger measure of freedom for Parliament and for the electorate. The first is the transferable vote; the second, and more important, is the old Radical idea of a fixed term for the life of Parliaments—*i.e.*, a triennial or a quadrennial House of Commons. Some such machinery the framers of the Parliament Act must have had in view, though they lacked the courage to adopt it. If the House of Commons exists for a fixed term, the power of Dissolution no longer resides with the Government, and cannot be held over the heads of private members. The general ties of party association would remain, but they would not be tightened so as to frighten the House, as it is frightened to-day, with the hourly-evoked spectre of Dissolution, or to restrict Parliamentary and national energies purely to the themes selected by the party management. We shall return to the subject again; but for the moment we suggest that a larger definition of "politics" is required, so that the whole body of citizens may read into them their finer aspirations after liberty, and their nobler conceptions of social order.

WHERE WAS THE CONCERT?

If ever the full facts are known which have led this week to a sort of war in the Balkans, the prime movers of this

criminal strife will be found, we suspect, neither in Sofia nor Belgrade, but in St. Petersburg and Vienna. It is a long and tangled history which calls for explanation. Whatever else may be said of the conduct of the Balkan Allies, barbarous and foolish as it is, it has not been precipitate. From week to week the crisis has dragged, again and again a provocation which might have led to war has been passed over; menacing notes have stopped short of anything which could have been called an ultimatum, and even Servia, much the most guilty of the three partners in this international crime, has refrained from the fatal step of declaring the annexation of the disputed territories. Cabinets have come and gone; armies have fought and separated; and the danger of war was, none the less, still only a danger through all the months from March to July. With ample notice, with full information about a quarrel which showed every sort of meanness except a furtive secrecy, what has the diplomacy of Europe been doing? The central fact of this disgraceful crisis is that the Concert, which had, on the whole, done relatively well in all but the first stage of the war with Turkey, effaced itself. The Ambassadors have continued to meet in London, while in public ceremonials the King, the Kaiser, and M. Poincaré have all been congratulating themselves and each other on their "blessed" work for peace. What have they done? The answer, so far as we know, is nothing, and the excuse which may be urged is, up to a point, plausible. The Tsar was the guardian and patron of the Balkan League, and if he or his advisers had been worthy of confidence, this dismal crisis could not have arisen. Much too late, after his agent in Belgrade had stimulated Servian ambitions, and the last glimmer of a belief in his competence and good faith had faded in Sofia, the Tsar intervened, and the Concert apparently stood aside from motives which were very different in the case of the chief Powers concerned.

We can well believe that Sir Edward Grey was influenced singly and solely by the conviction that Russia was the natural agency to reconcile Allies whom she had had some share in bringing together. France was, as usual, the shadow and second of Russia. Italy is so absorbed in her own egoistic calculations that no one need inquire whether any fleeting concern for the good of Europe crossed the mind of her statesmen. Germany has kept her own opinions to herself with unusual reticence. Austria alone has played an actively mischievous part. She saw in the Tsar's published offer of mediation an attempt on his part to assert a species of protectorate over the Balkans. It was a letter in which a nice critic might find much to censure. It assumed an equal guilt on the part of Bulgaria and Servia, where, technically and legally, the whole blame lies with Servia. It ignored the earlier appeals which Bulgaria had made in vain for Russian arbitration. It threatened vaguely, and to this day, no one knows whether any plan lay behind the threats. It was drafted in that peculiar vein of majestic cant which the Russian Court affects. All this was bad taste, bad tact, and bad politics, but it could not affect the simple fact that Russian arbitration was the means provided in the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty for resolving disputes between the Allies. There were two

courses open to Austrian diplomacy. It might have said that the whole issue was too complicated and too considerable for any one Power to settle, and proposed that the partition of Macedonia should be arranged by the Concert. That would have been, in our view, much the best solution. No other Power is bound by the secret treaty that constituted the Balkan League; Macedonia has been, since the Treaty of Berlin, in some sense the ward of Europe, and, finally, the claims both of Servia and Greece are obviously affected by the decisions which the Concert has taken or will take in the delimitation of Albania. Austria might fairly have urged this standpoint, but in that case she should have urged it many months ago. Failing this line of conduct, which she did not adopt, her only loyal course would have been to second the Russian offer of arbitration. What she did in effect was to prate about the independence of the Balkan States. She lowered Russian prestige (low enough already), and she did nothing to assert the authority or to prove the goodwill of Europe. What she intended is, we fear, only too obvious. She meant to make insuperable difficulties for Russia, and she reckoned that the Balkan States, whatever the issue of a conflict, will, when it is over, be so exhausted, so demoralised by mutual hatreds, and so unpopular in Europe, that they will be depressed and malleable material in her hands.

It would be futile to attempt to comment on the news, certainly partial, probably exaggerated, which comes from the Balkan capitals, and there is no satisfaction to be had from the apportionment of relative blame. Servia has been fundamentally in the wrong from the first in tearing up a treaty which is perfectly unambiguous and was faithfully observed by Bulgaria. Even at the eleventh hour, after all the tardy Russian pressure, it seems that she was not prepared to accept the Treaty as the basis of arbitration. That she finds it hard to withdraw from Monastir we can well believe; that she feels herself still unfairly excluded from the sea is only natural; that she might have had some claim in equity and policy on Bulgarian goodwill is arguable. But she has destroyed all claim to goodwill by her disloyal procedure, and the utmost that an impartial outsider can say is that Bulgaria would have been wiser to have averted the crisis before it began by some spontaneous concession, based neither on right nor on force, but on grace. It is probable, on the other hand, that Bulgaria (who alone was under any temptation) has been more to blame than her Allies for initiating frontier incidents. If the war is not averted, history, as the Bulgarians themselves realise, will judge the conduct of her statesmen by the results. With superb daring she has chosen, not only to challenge the Serbs (by no means a contemptible enemy) and the Greeks, but also to defy Russia, and to expose herself for the second time to the unspeakably mean hyena tactics of Roumania. If she justifies her own self-confidence, it will be a great military achievement, but it will make her for a generation the Prussia of the Balkans, trained in a policy of blood and iron, and disposed, from harsh experience, to think poorly of international solidarity, of treaties, and of pacifist ideals. The chief moral responsibility for what is happening lies, to our thinking, on Austria and

Russia. It is evident that the rest of the Concert has miscalculated, and that Great Britain and, if possible, Germany, instead of effacing themselves, ought from the first to have assumed the management of the crisis. There is still, as we write, no state of formal war. Nor, if war is declared, should it be hopeless to stop it within days or weeks. It is in sentiment almost the most abominable war which the imagination could invent, and given the nearly equal competence of both sides, it may well be incomparably more bloody than the struggle of the League against a decadent Turkey. We have no criticism of Sir Edward Grey, except that he has been too modest, too little aware of the power of his own prestige, and, as usual, too slow to realise the limits of Russian competence and Russian good faith. Had he led the effort of intervention in place of the Tsar we believe that he must have succeeded. It may not be too late even now to repair that miscalculation. A point has arrived at which it is futile, from any notion of delicacy, to wait for Russia to go on failing. By whatever process, the Concert ought to assert itself, and the Concert in this context means in effect Sir Edward Grey.

THE AGRARIAN WAR IN LANCASHIRE.

It was said of the French nobles who played with the ideas of Voltaire and the emotions of Rousseau, that they talked loudly about the peasants' miseries, and were surprised to find one day that the peasants had overheard them. All parties have been talking lately of the agricultural laborers' intolerable lot, and the agricultural laborer has listened. If Mr. Lloyd George's campaign and the Unionist Wages Bill produced no other effect than the spirit that has been displayed in Lancashire during the last six weeks, they would have done a great service to England. The obstacles in the way of a great organisation of laborers are almost overwhelming. The laborers work long hours, they are sprinkled over wide solitudes, communications are slow and difficult, their homes are often the property of their employers, nature counsels resignation, and circumstances seem to compel it. Peasants' movements made great chapters in the history of the world, but peasants are not landless and rightless laborers, they are a race with a hold on the soil, defending their ideas, or their religion, or their homes, or their land. If the evictions that have made Irish history so bloody a memory had swept over England, scarcely a village would have kept a single family, and all the old names would have disappeared. The English laborer has had no tie to bind him, as the Irish peasant has been bound, to his home of peat or bog, and without that bond he has had no weapon. That is how it comes that forty years have passed since Joseph Arch first braved the lords of his race in a corner of Warwickshire, and the agricultural laborers are still an unorganised body of workers.

The scene of the interesting struggle of the last few weeks is the rural part of the south-east corner of Lancashire. There is a significance in this. Wages rule high in the district, as agricultural wages go. Indeed, when the Herefordshire Union tried the policy of subsidising laborers to migrate to other parts of England, in

the early 'seventies, Lancashire was one of the places chosen for the new settlers, on this very ground. The farmers supply the great Lancashire markets; and therefore the loss of trade involved in a struggle is considerable. Moreover, the market-gardening on a large scale which is carried on over a large number of the farms concerned requires familiarity and practice, and the places of men versed in it cannot be filled very easily. The men, again, are within the zone of the great trade union power of the North, and something must be allowed for this moral influence. All these circumstances have combined to give the laborers greater strength than they possess in the South of England, even if we have to set off against this the resolute and tenacious temper of the employers, native also to the Lancashire soil and character. The men's organisation, which three months ago did not exist, is said now to embrace ninety-five per cent. of the laborers, and to number nearly three thousand men. The farmers, on their side, are organised in a solid body, and their policy of resistance seems to represent an all but unanimous decision.

The demands of the men are for a minimum wage of 24s. a week, a twelve-hour working day, and overtime afterwards, a Saturday half-holiday, and recognition of the Union. These demands represent a reduction of their original programme on which they asked for a day of ten hours. Writing on June 10th, the "Manchester Guardian" correspondent stated that most of the employers had conceded the minimum wage, the twelve-hour day, and a Saturday half-holiday, beginning a little later in the day than the men had stipulated. The real issue was the recognition of the Union. Even on this point the correspondent declared that many farmers were ready to meet the men, but there is no evidence of this in the published resolutions of the farmers' meetings. Such meetings were held on June 12th, and June 19th, at Ormskirk, and the farmers, three hundred strong, passed unanimous resolutions refusing to recognise the Union. "If the men had grievances," said one speaker, "it would have been better for them to have gone to the employers, whom they saw directly, than to have taken the step they had done." How many and how dark are the shadows of the past thrown up before our memories in that one sentence? The men, on their side, have held great meetings, with audiences of two or three thousand, at Ormskirk, and organised vast processions.

War, in the industrial sense, began on June 21st, when the notices given by the men expired. There were good hopes, even at the eleventh hour, that war would become unnecessary, and Mr. Edwards, the Secretary of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, travelled to London with Mr. James Sexton, of the Transport Workers—who have shown great sympathy with the rural laborers—to put the men's case before Lord Derby. Lord Derby was, apparently, unwilling or unable to mediate, and hostilities began. The great majority of the men obeyed the summons of the Union, though in some cases the farmers threatened eviction, and were apparently able thus to intimidate their laborers. Students of English agricultural history will note one fact with great interest. In 1830, one of the main causes of bitterness was the em-

ployment of Irish harvesting men; Cobbett wrote some of his most violent Philippics on this subject, taunting the English landlords with expatriating English laborers to make way for the surplus population from the Irish estates out of which these same English landlords were wringing cruel and unscrupulous profits. The "Manchester Guardian" correspondent relates that the Lancashire farmers placed great hopes on the Irishmen who cross over to help with the hay, but that almost every Irishman joined the Union spontaneously as soon as he arrived. Events have developed rapidly, as is the custom in modern strikes, and the whole district is now in a condition of guerilla warfare. The laborers have organised a cyclist scout system, and have arranged outposts to prevent the farmers importing free labor or exporting their produce. The farmers, on their side, work under the protection of a large police force. There have been affairs as was inevitable, and in a struggle last week to prevent some wagons from proceeding to Liverpool, stones were thrown and some strikers were arrested. The farmers who have conceded the men's demands are given safe conducts. A few days ago the farmers met again, and offered an amnesty, but the latest reports show that the offer has failed, that the strike is spreading rather than diminishing, and that the farmers have to face the prospect, not only of the loss of their profits on potatoes and cabbages, but of a shortage of labor in consequence of the emigration of the younger men. The men's strike pay is at the rate of ten shillings a week for married and five shillings a week for single men. The Union is not strong enough, of course, to make this provision for very long, but the railwaymen have met at Ormskirk and decided to take into consideration the most effective way of helping the laborers, and there is the prospect of support from the Liverpool Transport Workers. Such is the situation at the present moment. If half of the sympathy that is poured out by Liberal and Tory speakers on platforms and Liberal and Tory writers in the Press has any meaning, the cause of these laborers will be recognised to be the cause of the laborers throughout England, and there will be a widespread determination that this struggle to make a rural laborers' trade union into a living power shall not be vanquished.

THE MALAY BATTLESHIP.

THE Federated Malay States occupy a unique position in the political conglomerate of our Empire. They are not a self-governing colony like Canada, nor a Crown Colony like Jamaica, nor a Protectorate like Nigeria. Even the title, "veiled Protectorate," as applied to Egypt, is not here appropriate. Technically, they are foreign Powers, the people in each State being subject solely to the Sultan. Actually, they are under the government of our Colonial Office, being relegated to the "Crown Colonies Department." In an exceedingly informing article in the current issue of "The Contemporary Review," Mr. McCallum Scott thus describes their situation. "Perhaps their relationship to the British Empire may be best defined by saying that they are Protected States, the rulers of which have entered into treaty relations with

the British Empire, whose foreign relations are controlled by the Imperial Government, whose domestic legislation and financial affairs are in the hands of a Council nominated by the Imperial Government, and whose native rulers are advised in their administration by officials appointed by the Imperial Government." All the Civil Service is appointed directly by our Colonial Office, and the independence of the native rulers is an empty fiction. But from the standpoint of the Colonial Office, it is by no means a useless fiction. For any attempt to discuss the policy of the government of the Malay States in the Imperial Parliament is resented as "an interference with the rights and status of independent rulers in treaty relations with the British Empire." Thus the formal independence of these States is a screen for the absolutism of the Colonial Office.

These facts throw a peculiar light upon the offer of the battleship. We were given at the time to understand that the people of the Malay States, concerned at the "emergency" of our naval situation, had, out of the fulness of their hearts and pockets, proposed this free gift of a battleship. The facts, however, turn out a little differently. In the first place, the people themselves have no voice whatever in their Government or its acts of policy, save to obey and pay. The formal initiative in the matter, it is true, was taken by the Sultan of Perak, who moved the resolution in a Federal Council composed of the Colonial Office nominees. But the account given by the High Commissioner himself makes it quite clear that the affair was initiated by the Colonial Office, and that the Chief Secretary of the Malay States himself procured the action of the Sultan of Perak. Sir Frank Swettenham, a former High Commissioner, made this quite clear in his description of the transaction in the "Times"—"That in response to a suggestion from their British advisers, the Malay Rulers of the Council of the Federated Malay States"—not the people, who had no voice in the matter—"had offered to the British Government a vessel of war, and that the offer had been accepted." In other words, our Colonial Office presents to our Admiralty two and a quarter millions of money, to be paid by the Malay peoples whom we have undertaken to protect. What would be said of a trustee who so interpreted his fiduciary relationship?

Obvious as is the subterfuge with which this plain act of extortion has been surrounded, the change of policy which it initiates is of even graver import. As Mr. Scott well points out, "by this act we are teaching the British tax-payer that he may lighten his own burden by drawing tribute from those who have no power to protect themselves, and we are stimulating an appetite which will grow by what it feeds upon." Indeed, no time has been lost in pressing the "generosity" of the Malays upon the attention of India and Ceylon, in order to evoke similar "gifts." "But," we may be told, "allowing that the method of procedure was open to some misunderstanding, the substance of the policy is sound. The Malay States are a rich country with a large surplus, and can well afford to pay. The taxes fall, not upon the masses of the people, but upon the prosperous tin and rubber industries, or are drawn from opium and other licenses." But this is, of course, a shallow view

of fiscal policy. The recent prosperity of these Malay States is based upon an exploitation of large masses of cheap coolie labor, kept to hard and exceedingly unhealthy toil, and denied all share of the rich natural resources of the land. Recent statistics of the Health Department show an immense increase in the death-rate among indentured Indian laborers within the last few years, due largely to the obstruction offered by the planters to the sanitary regulations. In one State, one-fifth of the total number of these laborers died in the year 1911. As regards education, less than one per cent. of the revenue is spent on it, and less than one quarter of the Malay children of school age are provided with school accommodation, while practically no provision is made for the children of Indian and Chinese laborers. Though the Malays are able and willing to profit by higher technical and professional instruction, facilities are virtually non-existent, so that the native-born have no opportunity to qualify for any of the more skilled and remunerative posts.

Sir Frank Swettenham has pleaded that some saving, effected on the cost of the battleship, should be expended on the studies of tropical medicine and agriculture. His plea is far too modest. For a plain analysis of the origins of the surplus and the needs of the country makes it quite evident that the surplus is in part the proceeds of a sweating system, in part the abnormal profits gained in the tin, rubber, and opium trades, and that the whole of this surplus ought to have been expended in promoting the physical, intellectual, and social well-being of the population of these States. A correspondent on the spot calls our attention to yet another feature of the crooked policy. A gift, so instigated, is pretty certain to be repeated, a sham "emergency" being utilised to found a normal contribution. So the Federated Malay States will easily pass into the position of the neighboring Colony, the Straits Settlements, which for some years past have been brought into even graver financial embarrassments by being called upon to pay an increasing annual "military contribution." A fifth of the total revenue (exclusive of land sales) is now hypothecated to Imperial defences, with the result that the Colony is now in debt, and that Singapore has been compelled to postpone most urgent schemes of sanitary and other improvements. Every feature of the policy seems wrong. There was no emergency, there was no freedom in the "gift," the Malays could not afford this expenditure, and the concealed compulsion which procured it is a peculiarly bad and dangerous form of Imperialism.

A London Diary.

I FOUND many admirers of the Chancellor carried away by the *verve* of his speech at the National Liberal Club, and much heartened by the spectacle of this modern St. Sebastian removing the arrows from his perforated body, and stringing them on to his far-glancing bow. Others again were more dazed than edified by Mr. George's swift leap from the penitent form to the pulpit. If, say these critics, the amends offered in the House of Commons were a fit close to the Marconi episode,

what kind of wisdom or appropriateness is there in setting it going full-blast on a note of fierce recrimination? Why, even after Lord Lansdowne's discourteous taunt, mix up the land campaign, with its large public issues, with this very personal question? Answer is made that the Celtic temperament has been sorely tried, and that it will out. True; but English folk expect measure and self-control in their public men, as well as explosive force; and if it is wise to carry with us in the new departure as great a body of opinion as possible, it may well be argued that the N. L. C. speech, with all its fire and wit, is more of a *fanfare* than a rallying cry. Statesmanship is not all sword-play. The Chancellor has been rigorously, and, in some quarters, cruelly treated. He has now to show that he possesses the intellectual power to frame policy, and the moral force to rise above his own errors and his opponents' misuse of them.

THE figures at the Leicester election almost exactly realised Mr. MacDonald's forecast. He gave Mr. Hewart 10,000 votes and a majority of 1,500, and Mr. Hartley a poll of about 3,000.

ALTHOUGH a little slow-footed, it is to be hoped that the retribution that overtook Lord Wolmer the other night for his churlish greeting to the victor of Leicester may tend to check the growing boisterousness of these by-election initiations. In this case the offence was aggravated by an exceptionally cool piece of pedantic effrontery. On returning to his place, after escorting Mr. Hewart to the table, Sir Maurice Levy paused to expostulate with the group who had been launching their insults as he passed, and was promptly and impudently assailed with calls to order for the technical offence of standing in the middle of the floor. Even the Bolton set-back, with its bitter crop of Tariff Reform recriminations, failed to provoke such absurd excesses of spleen.

A NOVEL effect—it might more properly have been called a novelette effect—is said to have been introduced into the Lords' debates by Lord Newton's revelation of the existence (under an *alias*) of a professional money-lender who happens also to be a peer. In this case the *alias* should be counted for grace, for a duke, marquis, or earl who lent money in his own name would not be likely to lack custom. If I am not mistaken, Lord Newton's nobleman is a well-known and somewhat eccentric character. His interests in politics are usually limited to questions in which his personal position is involved—indeed, one is rather surprised that he did not turn up to vote against Lord Newton's Money-lending Bill. On the other hand, he has a considerable and deserved reputation as a judge of contemporary art, with an enviable commercial instinct for being always slightly ahead of the fashion in such matters.

IT seems doubtful whether the Government will make a second exclusive contract with the Marconi Company. How is it possible, in the face of all that has happened, to

conduct a new set of negotiations with Mr. Godfrey Isaacs? How would the public regard such a transaction? For there is now no necessity for the Government to come to any exclusive arrangement with the Marconi Company. The master patent expires in 1914, and is not likely to be renewed, for the condition which the Courts usually attach to a prolongation of a patent is that the holder has not had proper compensation. This could not be alleged in the case of the Marconi Company. The alternative is that the Government—not merely one department—should follow the general line recommended by the Technical Committee, and do the work itself. Why not? The inquiries of the Marconi Committee did, indeed, reveal a remarkable want of co-operation between one office and another, and an astounding want of knowledge of each other's work. But there is no reason why all this childish secretiveness and jealousy should go on for ever.

ONE realises how quick is the passage of life when one suddenly loses a landmark of its early impressions. Such to me were the late Mr. E. D. J. Wilson's Irish articles in the "Times." They were a hateful memory, for in the first days of Home Rule, when the mere tragedy of Irish history constituted the chief appeal to British sympathisers, it seemed outrageous even for the "Times" to publish those scornful essays in disbelief. They would not see the light to-day; few would read them (though they were never ill-written), for their background was the agrarian agitation, and the fierce passions it had kindled, not the mild temper and healing acts of the last two decades. Mr. Wilson's style was hard, like the mind which governed it; indeed the writer's personality shone through it, and immediately revealed its author. His articles breathed strife and made strife; but in that controversy they were a determining piece of advocacy.

I RECALL a characteristic view of Henri Rochefort on the evening of Victor Hugo's funeral—one of the greatest spectacles that even modern Paris has ever seen. I had a letter to him at his newspaper office; and there was the great man exhibited to my admiring gaze in his shirt sleeves, his white hair rising in a straight, stiff mass from his forehead. He was surrounded by laughing friends, and engaged in an interminable mock harangue on Hugo's poetry, the resounding and recurring refrain of which was that the great Frenchman was no better than "un épicier." Each time Rochefort reached the word "épicier," he hissed it out, as if Hugo's poetry were a personal offence to him. His articles were in the same vein of half-comic vituperation. Many of them were a mere Rabelaisian string of epithets, thinly threaded by argument. He had no theories; he was merely one of the great swordsmen of French journalism; honest in his way, but consumed with the passion for attack and the thirst for self-expression. Stead was a little like him in his quick, restless, tangential mind; but Stead's style was mere prunes and prisms compared with Rochefort's roaring, flaming speech. And the pen which pricked the bubble of the Second Empire very nearly brought down the Parliamentary Republic.

MANY sympathetic thoughts will turn to Mr. Hyndman on the news of his wife's death. Not many men and not many women in this comfortable land, with gifts to ensure them wealth, ease, honor, and the friendship of the powerful, elect to throw them all away in order to forward a far-off ideal of politics. This Mr. Hyndman has done through a long and entirely faithful career; and this, too, Mrs. Hyndman chose to do with him. Their comradeship (for they were inseparable) was too tender a relationship to speak of in a newspaper, and there was something in it beyond the finest attachments of the fireside. It was a very noble marriage; and, as was fitting, an ideally happy one.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE REFORMATION OF THE LAW.

It is not to evil-doers only that the law is a terror. Its vagaries, its burdens, and its not infrequent cruelties, are a source of disquietude and pain to all informed and sensitive minds. There is, indeed, something very unsatisfactory in the normal attitude of the ordinary citizen towards all legal processes and instruments. It consists in a feeling, strengthened by experience of life, that law and its administration have no clear, intelligible relation to what he means by justice. Nay, it even goes further. The meaning of "justice" itself has suffered from its too close association with the law: it is no longer identified with fair play between man and man. In no other way, indeed, can we explain the long-established popular distrust of lawyers, the undercurrent of feeling against the magistracy and the police among the masses of the people, and the instinctive feeling of sympathy with the escaping criminal whose offence does not arouse the "natural" instinct of revenge.

Is this unpopularity of law to be set down entirely to ignorance, dislike of wholesome discipline, and a foolish distrust of expert authority, supported by a spirit of exaggeration which feeds upon the errors and defects found in every human institution? The lay mind is, doubtless, distrustful, and, within limits, rightfully distrustful, of all professions where the special interests of practitioners are liable to conflict with the general interests of the public they profess to serve. But though medicine or engineering may evolve professional rules and practices hostile to the public, they do not operate on lines openly divergent from the accepted principles of hygiene or the laws of physics and chemistry. The case against legalism stands, with the case against clericalism, in a different category. Legalism involves in some measure an actual perversion of the principles of justice, as clericalism of the principles of religion. But while the power of clericalism is diminishing, that of legalism is increasing. For the modern evolution of the State is accompanied and contained in a growing intricacy of legal provisions and restraints, yielding fresh powers to the administrators of law. The normal divergence between legalism and justice is, therefore, an ever graver consideration. Justice should be cheap, quick, certain, and convincing. Are our laws so constructed and administered as normally to conform to these requirements? Mr. Durran, in a volume entitled "The Lawyer, Our Old-man-of-the-sea" (Kegan Paul), furnishes a really terrible array of testimony against the working of the law in England, the United States, and India.

Though his work is avowedly a brief for the prosecution, its record of fact and reasoned opinion is very impressive. Is the justice of our law courts cheap? The issue here, of course, is not primarily one of pecuniary significance. For justice that is not cheap is not justice, but injustice, discriminating between man and man on

grounds extrinsic to the merits of the case. "To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay, Right or Justice." Such is the great language of Magna Carta. What are the facts to-day in England? It is no anarchist agitator, no professional sower of the seeds of discontent, but the "Times" newspaper that is responsible for the recent comment. "Magna Carta notwithstanding, we sell Justice, and not cheaply." Does anybody doubt the accuracy of this statement? Everybody knows that either in a criminal or civil court poverty is a bar to justice. How can a poor man protect on equal terms his life, or liberty, or property, against an adversary commanding a large private purse or the whole resources of the Crown? How can he find the money to fee the best counsel, to summon witnesses, to endure postponements, and to fight appeals? In order properly to defend his life or honor, a poor man might have to pay for counsel's fee a sum amounting to the annual income of fifty laborers. What else does this mean than that justice is sold? The same applies to civil cases. What discreet man of moderate means dreams of seeking to maintain his rights against a wealthy company? The fees of lawyers, expenses of witnesses, the court fees, would often mean ruin in case of failure, a heavy fine in case of formal victory. As for the delays and uncertainty of the law, there is no cynicism but sound common sense in the declaratory proverbs.

Both these vices are the products, partly of mischievous procedure, partly of the culpable laxity with which judges and counsel are permitted to maltreat the public. That a judge, or more frequently an eminent counsel, should be allowed, for some private convenience or pleasure, to cause heavy expenses, waste of time, and prolonged anxiety to a host of innocent persons affected by his arbitrary postponements, is a scandal none the less grave because it is so common an occurrence. All this expense, delay, uncertainty, is not inherent in law. Mr. Durran reminds his readers that France can teach us a useful lesson. "The jury system has been abolished in civil causes. A concise and comprehensive scheme of codification dispenses with the necessity for perpetual reference to a confused tangle of cases, another fertile source of expense and uncertainty. The duties of solicitor and barrister are merged into one individual. Expensive references to counsel are practically unknown. There is no irresponsible body of monopolists providing barristers and constantly raising their fees. The minimum Court fee is twopence-half-penny. A sliding scale is adjusted so that the percentage diminishes as the amount in dispute increases. A case involving the sum of £15,000 can be tried for an expenditure of no more than £78 in Court fees. Taxed costs are fixed on an extremely moderate scale. The solicitor-advocate is free to bargain with his client; but no one will pay fancy fees when there is no jury, and histrionic efforts would assuredly defeat their purpose."

We doubt not that a case can be made against codification and in favor of the elasticity of our Common Law, in favor of retaining juries in civil cases, and against the union of the two branches of the profession. But, seeing that these conditions of our law are so favorable to the power and pecuniary interest of the profession, are we not entitled to regard with suspicion the stout opposition presented to all attempts seriously to consider these changes? To those who follow the confusions and contradictions of our Common Law as actually administered, the euphemisms which contrast it as a "living organism" with the "mechanical routine" of a code strike a note of dubious honesty. No doubt it is difficult for laymen to decide so delicate an issue. But there is much in the admitted working of our system to support the trenchant criticism of one of the most powerful intellects that ever set itself to the study of our institutions. "Half the law," wrote Jeremy Bentham, "is called Statute Law, and is made by Parliament. The other half is called Common Law, and is made—how do you think? By the judges without King, Parliament, or People. How should lawyers but be fond of this brat of their own begetting? It carries in its hands a rule of wax which they twist about as they please; a hook to lead the people by the nose, and a pair of shears to fleece them withal."

Were Bentham alive now, he might fortify his explanation of the lawyers' love of the Common Law by some striking instances of the open contempt expressed by judges for the Statute Law which it is their duty to administer. The fact that it is possible and easy for a judge of the High Court, with absolute impunity, to pour scorn and reprobation upon the will of Parliament and of the people, as Mr. Justice Darling did the other day in an *obiter dictum* on the Trades Disputes Act, opens another door of explanation to that distrust of legalism which is spreading with popular education in this country. It is not only the expenses of the law that make one law for the rich, another for the poor: it is the entire structure and administration of law. It is substantially true that almost all law has been made and is administered by the well-to-do. The savage punishments still meted out for small offences against property and public order, under the heads of game laws, petty larceny, or contempt of court, furnish a clear commentary on the origins of law to any intelligent visitor of our police courts. The *exemplum crucis*, of course, is the imprisonment for "sleeping out" in the case of persons having no visible means of subsistence, a survival of the ruthless persecution of rogues and vagabonds by substantial householders in fear for their property.

When one reflects that the equality of man consists in the common possession of life and liberty, the inequality of man in the possession of property, legalism is for the first time illuminated by the bright emergence of a principle. It appears to be directed far more to the protection of the possessions which are unequal than of those which are equal for all men. The recognition that both the substance and the methods of legalism are permeated by the spirit of property rather than by the spirit of humanity, and that this applies alike to the making of laws, their administration, and the penalties for their infringement, is spreading among our people. It is, we believe, the active principle in the new forms of lawlessness apparent in this country. A radical reformation of the law and its administration is needed. For in order to be respected, the law must be respectable. To be respectable, it must be brought into conformity with modern standards of ethical values, and it must be made equally accessible to all persons, irrespective of class or means. In a word, we require to make public law, like public health, a reality, by insisting that justice for the individual is the interest of the nation, and shall be provided out of the resources of the nation. Justice must be formally incorporated in that Minimum Standard of a civilised life which true Liberals are pledged to secure for all.

HERESY ON MOUNT ATHOS.

It is a perilous thing to concern oneself overmuch with the names of the gods. Every well-bred savage knows that, and the painful tragedy which is being enacted at this moment on Mount Athos should serve to remind Christendom of a prudence which in recent times has too often been neglected. Modern manners have been for many centuries indescribably lax in the whole matter of names. Men who live in a state of innocence have nicer instincts. No Apache out of Paris will divulge his real name, and no moral Mohican would dream of asking the name of a stranger. For the ordinary purposes of daily life an alias will serve. There are relics among ourselves of the decent privacies of an elder world. Thieves, anonymous correspondents, and married ladies understand the protection which it is from all the powers of darkness to shelter under a name not one's own. But it is too often forgotten that a man who allows his real name to be known has given a hostage to fortune. The least skilful of necromancers, the least subtle of wizards, has you for all time in his power if he does but know your real name. Popes, who assume a sacred alias on their election, and kings, who conceal their glory in a multitudinous cloud of names, still observe a certain prudence. But it is questionable whether we do not all presume too much

upon our safety. One thing is indisputable—the greater a soul is, king, demi-god, or god, the more risky it is for him to allow any tampering with his name.

What happened to the great god Ra is well-established. He had names enough for all common uses. He had a name for morning and a name for evening, and there was absolutely no excuse for anyone to pry into his real and secret name. For generations men had been content to pray to him beside the Nile by his public names, and no harm came of that, nor very much good, for they were not his real names at all. Even his brothers and sisters kept their distance, expecting, as he visibly aged, to inherit his fortune. It was a clever adventuress who pried into his secret and stole the name from his breast. How she managed it is told in "The Book of the Dead," and perhaps the method should not be too widely divulged. It was a subtle and not over humane plan. The result of it is notorious. The common adventuress, Isis, a woman of great charm indeed, but of no birth, by stealing the name of Ra, acquired over him the power of blackmail, and with it an ascendancy so imperious, that to the immense chagrin of his relatives she herself became an immortal, and ended her brilliant career as the Queen of Heaven. That was in the morning of the world, and from that day to this every really legitimate religion has taken steps to protect the name of its god. If the name were taken in vain, who knows what abuses of omnipotence the sorcerer might commit! It may, however, be doubted whether the true name of any really powerful divinity has ever been divulged. There are cases which seem authentic of Arab sorcerers who have discovered the secret name of a mere Djinni, with consequences which were sufficiently striking. But the better opinion is that the Cabalists and Rosicrucians and other pretenders who conceived that they had discovered "the most great name" were no better than charlatans. But the Holy Synod does well to take precautions.

What steps the Holy Synod has taken cannot be too widely known, nor too generally approved. In this matter of the heresy on Mount Athos it is defending the common interests of humanity. We will not deny that Brother Anthony, of Saint Andrew's monastery on the Holy Mountain, is a sympathetic heretic. But so seemed Isis. When once mortals begin to interest themselves in the names of the gods, who knows what dire risks may follow? But let us not allow any preconceived prejudice to lead us into an unfairness towards Brother Anthony. It is possible that he is not really a designing man. We conceive him to be no ordinary personality. He was born a patrician, and in his days of sin served as an officer in the Hussars of the Russian Imperial Guard. In that profligate regiment he was of all his noble companions the most profligate. So enamored was he of the glory of this world, and so jealous of carnal distinctions, that he carried his sword to Abyssinia, and sought adventures in the land of Prester John. For his great sins there was prescribed a great repentance. Turning from vanity, he put on the robes of a solitary's life, and after seeking repose in vain in some of the most renowned monasteries of Russia, he found it among the brethren of Saint Andrew on Mount Athos. It was a life of peace, but even on the Holy Mountain the power of evil manifests itself from time to time and in strange and malignant forms. There is allowed on Athos no female thing, neither winged nor four-footed. When it happened that a fowl, eluding the vigilance of the guardians of the mountain, laid an egg in Brother Anthony's cell, the brethren felt that one whom the Devil could thus afflict was reserved for a great vocation. It happened about this time that a book came into Brother Anthony's hands which was destined to destroy the peace of the mountain. It was written by one Ilarion, a man of saintly reputation, and, so subtly does the poison of heresy disguise itself, the book was printed at the press of the Holy Synod itself in a monastery of Kieff. In his book, Ilarion, with much parade of vain learning, argued that the name of God is itself divine. This doctrine, as Brother Anthony has not scrupled to boast, brought to him great spiritual joy, and he communicated it to all the mountain. The

specious arguments of Ilarion captivated these simple men, and they were ready to contend that the name of God, being a part of God, is itself divine. They gave it the attributes of divinity, and ascribed to it sanctity and omnipotence.

In this peaceful worship the monastery continued for many months, contemplating the name, and venerating it in all its attributes, vowels, consonants and accents. One brother attached himself with peculiar devotion to its initial, and another to its final letter, but such was its power, that each derived from his pious exercises exactly the same consolation. Absorbed in this good work, the mountain knew nothing of the convulsions around it. King Ferdinand crusaded, and the hosts of the Paynim were scattered, and no echo of these events reached the mountain. It felt the power of the name and dwelt in an unbroken peace. Conceive then its horror when the post brought it a copy of that pious periodical, "The Russian Monk," to which the Holy Synod requires every monastery to subscribe, on pain of excommunication, damnation, and double postal charges. In it they read an article by one Archbishop Anthony of Volinsk, in which the precious and consoling doctrine of Ilarion was denounced as a pestilent heresy. To venerate the name, he contended, was to confound the substance, and to make of it a divinity was to add a fourth to the Trinity. Moreover, if a name were worshipped, was it not inevitable that the faithful should content themselves with lip-service? These arguments wrought confusion and trouble in the souls of the monks. Ilarion, moved by pride, sat down, and, in great trouble of mind and with a sacred rage, penned a reply to the Archbishop. So Satan's work began even on the Holy Mountain. But the Holy Synod was not unmindful of its duty to its flock. From East and West, from North and South, these good men assembled, and meeting at Kieff where first the poison had been distilled, they issued their decision. The name of God they declared was not divine, and to worship it was a damnable heresy which Holy Church would punish in this world and the next. Their work done, and the divinity protected, the holy fathers, relying, alas! in vain, on the obedience of the monks, scattered each to his diocese, lest Satan in their absence should be busy, and the Jews, the Liberals, and the Old Believers raise their heads.

Then it was that it became clear whence this doctrine proceeded. The mountain was convulsed with strife, and the veneration of the name bore its fruits in riot, will-worship, and all disobedience. The older monks bowed their heads in submission, and did penance for the error into which they had innocently strayed. Even the Greeks were wise in time, and hastened to discard a Russian heresy. But the young men of Saint Andrew dared to defy even the Holy Synod. There were contentions, angers, and at last even blows in that home of peace, and still venerating the name and daring to affirm it divine, Brother Anthony and his deluded fellows knocked their abbot and his elders on the head, thrust them forth from the doors, and elected others in their place. The Holy Synod visited their contumacy upon them by stopping their letters, and cutting off their supplies. The flour mouldered in the ship which should have brought them food, but still they venerated the name—its vowels, consonants, and accents. In vain did even the saintly Archbishop Nikon preach to them. They were given over to their trespasses, and set aside to be a sign to all the right-minded of the perils of the heresy they had embraced. If any still doubted that the Holy Synod had spoken for the Church, the Grand Turk himself must have convinced them. Moved by the Holy Synod, the Tsar himself requested the Sultan of Turkey to permit the Russian gunboat which lies at the Golden Horn to pass the Straits, that it might sail to Mount Athos and there deal with Brother Anthony as his contumacy deserved. With the malignity of an unbeliever, the Sultan refused. But the heretics and the paynims cannot so easily triumph over the truth. In his care for the Church, the Tsar has been pleased to order that a detachment of marines from his gunboat shall sail with all despatch for the mountain. We cannot doubt that these gallant men will succeed in proving that the

name is not divine. Even as we write, this terrible heresy may already be confounded. It cannot be doubted that His Imperial Majesty has averted a peril from the world. Let no one forget what happened to the Great God Ra.

THE INSECT IN LOVE.

THE July night is exquisite at all points. The breeze that slides up the hill to fill a vacuum in the upper air hits the brow like a kiss. The scent of meadow-sweet invades the mind by that sure messenger, the nose. The sky sobs out the blazing indiscretion of the day through crimson, orange, and green to the tranquillity of deep violet. An owl draws streaks of silver sound across the dark silence of the wood. And, as if to give all these sensations an eye and a focus, the little lantern of the glow-worm throws up from the grass its cool greenish beam. To the grub-wife of a beetle, a mean, unfeeling insect, an atom low in the life that is negative of every human quality, belongs the chief glory of our July night.

It were better to believe in fairies, or at least to incur the wrath of every naturalist by "anthropomorphising" everything from the lion to the glow-worm. This grub-sweetheart of the beetle (for she is not yet a wife, and begs leave to select her own groom) sets out her light just as a Tyrolean or Dopper maiden does, to let the swains know that she is at home. It is not done by the scrape of a match and the burning of a wick dipped in tallow. It is by the age-long preparation of her own body for the rites of courtship, a preparation due to an ecstasy of a very high, if not super-physical, nature. She might have had wings like his and gone out to romp with him after the manner of Ratcliff Highway. How horrified he would be at such a proceeding, for this refinement of the lighted boudoir must be a credit to his choice as well as hers! Sometimes the male glow-beetle is a little luminous, and in warmer countries it is the fireflies that woo their maidens with torches, giving them such a visual serenade as surely no maidens of any other species whatever can have.

Impossible, of course, that a segmented grub should have the same feelings of hope, anxiety, devotion, as the human maiden who sets a light in the window, then sits and pretends to sew or read, her heart all the while at the knocker or in her ears for a tap at the window. Yet if we, masters of emotion and of language, analyse and transcribe all the feelings that are transcribable of a July night, how much remains still beyond us! If such magic created a glow from human heads or a stridulation of the shoulder-blades when we fling up an arm, we should scarcely be surprised, though we should be sure to say that it was our high psychic power that had done it. If some particular pair of eyes become suddenly "starlike," some ears utterly unlike ears, or some fingers phenomenally "taper," Dr. Morris has told the Eugenic Conference that that is as true a form of madness as the hallucination that one's finger is made of glass. We permit a July day to make a dog mad, but we refuse to allow a July night to turn a glow-worm into a Juliet or her beetle into a Romeo. Nevertheless, the insects seem sometimes to prove themselves beyond our jurisdiction.

It is idle to ask whether the insect, so well equipped with an organ comparatively conventional in relation to love-making, enjoys the pleasure of an anticipated assignation. If evolution is not purely mechanical she must do so. She longs for the night, hopes that her lamp will be stronger than before, for the lamp is herself, and cannot glow without being felt through every fibre. It is part of the male, too, his eyes being tuned to it, as two wireless telegraph batteries are tuned to one another, and, as we have seen, the window-lamp may pass to the male and become a gallant's torch. It is so with that other signal or allurement common to the insects and ourselves, the sweet odor. Ours is a far-away sophistication, theirs an evolved product of direct emotion. But they and we are often agreed in the choice that has been made from the whole range of possible scents. An honest lady might admit that a butterfly had got nearer to the lady's own

ideal than her favorite perfumer, or a dandy might wish that he could scent his handkerchief as daintily as the male humble-bee. And what dandy could invent a more wonderful game of cross-purposes with love for a summer afternoon than is played every day now by those same drone humble-bees? At a few chosen spots in any lane, one dashing blade after another buzzes in, and without alighting, darts on again, every bee performing the same round because each of the calling-places is scented with the flower-like essence that belongs to the players. It is a game that will go on for a whole month, for not till then will the first humble-bee princess dream of getting married. It is very doubtful whether the scent ever bears any part in the final wooing. It has just been borrowed by one sex from the other, and turned into a grotesquely exiguous instrument of dandy rivalry.

In a chapter of his splendid book on "Insects" (Jack), entitled "The Courtship of Insects," Mr. Harold Bastin discusses some other cases. He takes mainly the male side, wondering whether the doctrine of an exuberant vitality is enough to account for the bright colors of certain male butterflies, whose females are dowdy, or whether too much weight is placed by those who object to the idea of sexual selection, upon the supposed inadequacy of the insects' aesthetic sense. Could a race of butterflies, by the age-long submission of patterns on the one hand and their rejection and refusal on the other, evolve the wonderful harmonies and contrasts that we know, and whose undoubtedly excellence is signified by human approval? That there is selection of some kind is certain. The antler moth is a middle-sized, inconspicuous example out of our hundred or so British noctuids. Professor Poulton tells how dozens of suitors buzz round one female, not fighting, merely showing-off, and then, suddenly, she selects one, and all the others leave. Some butterflies, equipped though they seem to be for mere bandbox beauty, fight shrewdly for their love, and others, notably some of those not very boldly colored, have fragrant scent-scales—the green-veined white smelling of lemon verbena, and the small white of sweet-briar. Turning to the musicians, Bates said of the field cricket: "The male has been observed to place itself in the evening at the entrance to its burrow and stridulate until a female approaches, when the louder notes are succeeded by a more subdued tone, whilst the successful musician caresses with his antennae the mate he has won." Could a more tender picture be drawn of a human couple? Here seems to be a true "engaged" period, for surely there is a possibility that the suitor who has won by the noisier public performance may fail in the quieter rôle of domestic endearment.

M. Fabre has told us much about the courtship of insects. Sometimes the story is gruesome, for some females, like our own male Bluebeard, end by eating their spouses. The scorpion is one of these, but she begins by playing a part in a very pretty courtship. Facing one another, they clasp hands, each rearing its long tail in the air; these meet overhead and gently caress one another, sometimes "roulées en gentilles volutes." Meanwhile they rub their brows together within their clasped arms. "Pour exprimer ces caresses viennent à l'esprit les termes de baisers et d'embrassements." The tails come to earth again and, still pulling one another by both hands, they wander here and there, anywhere so long as they are together and alone. "Ainsi dans mon village, le dimanche, après vêpres, la jeunesse se promène le long des haies, chacun avec sa chacune."

Descending further into the segmented kingdom, Lord Avebury has told of the loves of an apterous insect, quite beneath the notice of most of us. He says:—"The male, which is much smaller than the female, runs round her, and they butt one another, standing face to face, and moving backwards and forwards like two playful lambs. Then the female pretends to run away, and the male runs after her with a queer appearance of anger, gets in front, and stands facing her again; then she turns coyly round, but he, quicker and more active, scuttles round too, and seems to whip her with his antennae; then for a bit they stand face to face, play with their antennae, and seem to be all in all to one another." No doubt they are so. Each is face to face with the ideal, and it is thus that their progeny will become so.

Short Studies.

THE JUDGE.

KHIRODA, at the fag end of her youth, woke up one morning to find that her lover had departed in the night, leaving her destitute. She found that, in all the thirty-eight years of her life, she had not even made one person her own, nor earned the right even to the corner of a home in which to live and die. She realised that life had no pity upon her, and would relax none of its claims, which must be attended to down to the smallest detail, and she rolled on the floor, smiting its hardness with her forehead in an agony of despair.

Evening came, and it grew dark. Khiroda had not the heart to tidy the room, or to light the lamp. Her hungry child cried till it could cry no longer, and fell asleep, tired, under the bedstead. A knock came to the door, and a man's voice called out, "Khiro, Khiro." Khiroda flung open the door, and rushed out at him who stood there, with her broom putting the amorous youth to precipitate flight. Then, convulsively clutching the child to her bosom, she went out of the house and jumped into the well.

The splash brought the neighbors hurrying to the spot, and the bodies were fished out. The mother was unconscious, but the child was dead. Khiroda was brought round in the hospital, and was committed to the sessions by the magistrate.

II.

Mohit Datta was the Sessions Judge. He sentenced Khiroda to death. Her advocates tried their utmost to get some mitigation of the sentence, but with no success.

There was some reason for this severity of his attitude towards feminine frailty, as a glimpse into his earlier history will disclose.

Mohit in his undergraduate days lived near the house of an elderly couple with a young widowed daughter, Sasi. What little of the world Sasi used to see from behind the barrier of her lonely widowhood seemed to her like some golden land of mystery, where happiness stalked abroad. Unsatisfied longing seemed to belong only to the interior of her bosom, which cribbed and cramped the beatings of her heart.

In the intervals of her domestic duties, Sasi sat at the window, watching the crowd on the public road. She thought to herself how happy were the passers by, how free the tramps, what gay characters were the hawkers in the comedy of life! And morning and evening she saw the well-groomed Mohit strutting past in the fulness of his self-conceit. To her he was a demi-god, far above the mortals she saw around her.

Perhaps Sasi could have cheerfully spent all her life playing with her demi-god in the heaven of her fancy had not her evil star made the demi-god smile upon her and materialise the heaven within her reach. It is needless to relate at length when Mohit's covetous glance first fell upon Sasi, how he began to write to her under the false name of Binode; when the first trembling, ill-spelt reply reached him; how, at last, the whole of the poor little widow's world was turned topsy-turvy in the whirlwind of ecstatic surrender.

Late one night Sasi left her father and mother, and got into a carriage brought by Mohit, *alias* Binode. When her demi-god, with all his tinsel showing, got inside and sat close beside her, a sudden inrush of remorse bowed her to the dust. And when the carriage actually began to move, she fell at his feet, crying, "For pity's sake let me go back home." But the carriage rapidly drove away.

To narrate all the episodes of Mohit's early career would grow monotonous. This will serve as a sample.

III.

To-day there was no one to remember the escapades of young "Binode." Mohit Datta was quite a reformed character. His reading of the sacred books was incessant; he even practised austerities.

A few days after passing sentence on Khiroda, Mohit happened to be in the gaol garden, with a view to securing some nice, fresh vegetables for his own table. He

heard from inside the gaol the sound of high words, and entering, found Khiroda in the midst of a vigorous bickering with the warder. Mohit smiled a superior smile. This is what woman is! Death at her door, and yet she must quarrel. She would dispute, thought he, amused at his conceit, even with the doorkeepers of Hades!

As he drew nearer, Khiroda, with clasped hands, addressed him, saying, "O, Mr. Judge, for mercy's sake, tell him to give me back my ring!"

On inquiry, he found that a ring had been hidden in the loops of Khiroda's hair, which the warder, discovering, had appropriated. Mohit was again amused. This desire for a bauble on the steps of the gallows! Oh, woman, woman!

"Let me see the ring," said he to the warder, who handed it over to him.

Mohit started as if it had been a piece of live coal. In the ring was set a miniature portrait on ivory of a young, beardless youth. In its gold rim was engraved the name "Binode." He raised his eyes from the ring, and for the first time looked Khiroda keenly in the face. He seemed to see there the fresh, fond, tear-bedewed countenance of twenty-four years ago. But, ah! what a difference!

(Translated from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore.)

Present-Day Problems.

THE WORKING OF MEDICAL BENEFIT.

In January last, after months of fierce agitation, the medical profession—torn by doubt—accepted service under the Insurance Act. At the end of three months, in largely increased numbers, they renewed their agreements, and at the present moment nearly 19,000 doctors are on the medical panels throughout the country.

The number is far greater than the most sanguine of the pro-Act section of the profession ever anticipated. The suggestion that the doctors have been "driven" into acceptance of service, is, of course, nonsense.

In London, in spite of a violently hostile campaign, which lasted until after the County Council election, 1,400 doctors are on the panel, and the number increases day by day. The "die-hards" are still fighting, but their most strenuous efforts fail to do more than occasionally hinder the administrative work. It is now almost unanimously felt by the thoughtful members of the profession that a grave error of judgment was made by the British Medical Association in November and December of last year. The new leaders, replacing the well-tried counsellors who had been forced to retire, have proved themselves to be singularly lacking in the essential qualities of generalship. In London they have led their followers to disaster. A good many doctors in industrial quarters, pressed or cajoled to stay off the panels, have been brought to the verge of ruin, their patients having flocked to the doctors who are working the Act.

Already there are signs of resentment against those leaders, who now find themselves faced with a wreckage of their own accomplishment, which will take years to repair. By abandoning their futile hostility, and endeavoring to persuade their remaining followers to come on to the panels, they may yet do something to diminish the damage. The panel is now accepted as the normal system, and the scheme of medical benefit is being steadily developed. Medical referees are being set up all over the country to assist in the administration. They are ostensibly appointed to prevent abuse of the sickness funds, but these referees will have powers to refer certain cases for specialist expert opinion. Thus will be established in every Insurance Committee area a panel of consultants.

As regards operations, these certainly are, as a rule, far better done in hospitals. It must be remembered that in the provinces most of the hospitals are supported by funds provided by the working class organisations, therefore, it is hardly a grievance to the institution if the insured person is admitted. In London the large

hospitals have in the past resolutely set their faces against any semblance of public control. Although the endowments of some of them are very considerable, they are, as a matter of fact—judging by their appeals—impoverished and hampered in their work by want of funds. There can be little doubt that in the near future it will be necessary for the State to come to the help of these institutions. When this happens, the insured persons will have a natural and inalienable right of admission. In this connection the recent speech of Sir William Osler at the meeting of the Hospitals Association is very encouraging to those who wish to see the Medical service under the Insurance Act linked up with our great hospitals for diagnostic and operative work.

It has been objected that dental treatment has not been included in medical benefit. Much of the dental work at one time was in the hands of the medical profession. During the last generation it has naturally become an entirely special craft, and there is an increasing stringency in the examination and registration of dentists. It would certainly be a great boon to public health if dental treatment were included under the Insurance Act; the recent work among the children in our elementary schools shows the need for early care in this respect, and one of the first extensions of medical benefit should be to include dental treatment. But this would, of course, involve very heavy expenditure and an extended organisation which, at this early stage, the Approved Societies can hardly be expected to consider. Competent critics confidently anticipate that in the course of a few years there will be an accumulation of the sickness funds. This may be applied to various purposes, and dental treatment is obviously one of the most urgent.

In the County of London there are approximately 1,400,000 insured persons. Of these, about 350,000 have not yet selected their doctor. This is largely due to the fact that a very great number are perfectly healthy young adults, who, in all probability, will wait for years before making their choice. The hostility of a section of the daily press may account for a proportion of this number. A campaign has been vigorously waged, urging the insured to select doctors not on the panels.

"Free choice of doctor" has been the party cry; but it has been a most dishonest agitation, for it has been always perfectly obvious that free choice of doctor meant free choice of the doctors willing to serve on the panels. In the "British Medical Journal" for November 2nd of last year there appeared the considered report of the Council of the British Medical Association on the situation at that date (after announcement by the Chancellor of the final terms), and that report expressly states that the free choice of doctors is secured. Under the Act, the intention was that "contracting out" and "own arrangements" were to be for quite exceptional cases—as, for example, the nursing staff of a hospital, or actors or commercial travellers, whose occupation obliges them to travel from place to place.

This is, of course, all that the Approved Societies could allow, otherwise the administrative machinery would break down. This, indeed, is what the wrecking section still wildly hope to bring about. But, as a matter of fact, the working in London has been singularly smooth. The Insurance Committee has been in existence for one year, and few people can appreciate the amount of work already accomplished. The various departments are in full working order; friction diminishes week by week. Every case of application for a doctor has been supplied, and the number of complaints either from patients or doctors have been singularly few and mostly of a trivial nature.

Naturally, there have been points of friction. The question of certificates for Sickness Benefit has caused two kinds of difficulty. First, the different Approved Societies required different forms of certificate. This is being solved by agreement to use a common simple form of certificate. The second is a more serious point. It is alleged, not without truth, that sickness certificates have been too freely given by the doctors. This should right itself as the doctors become more accustomed to

dealing with such cases of malingering. For doctors the question is one of honor and competence, and the recent warning of the General Medical Council will have the effect of making the medical profession throughout the country much more careful in their descriptions of illnesses and in the issue of certificates.

The chemists are, on the whole, well satisfied. The doctor can no longer dispense medicines for insured persons. This means that the relationship between chemist and doctor will improve, the chemist abandoning the pernicious practice of prescribing over the counter. It is alleged that the "bottle of medicine" treatment will be perpetuated. The opposite will obviously be the case. For the first time the insured persons are under a form of discipline, and the doctor is no longer the servant of any particular society. In the wards of a modern hospital many patients are not given any medicine at all, and with a little educative work the insured persons will soon learn those habits of health which, in the majority of cases, render medicine unnecessary. Some very discreditable cases of frivolous and excessive prescribing by doctors who have joined the panels, although hostile to the Act, have been reported. They have been disregarded for the time, but when the district medical committees are at work little mercy will be shown to the men who deplete the common fund by wasteful prescribing.

As to Sanatorium Benefit in London, there is undoubtedly some dissatisfaction. The dispensary units are not in full working order, and there is a shortage of beds for institutional treatment. This very formidable question needs all the patience and careful consideration that can be given; but there is a feeling that the Local Government Board and the London County Council could have moved more quickly with advantage. The problem of dealing with a considerable number of advanced and hopeless cases of Tuberculosis in London is a very serious one. To keep them in Sanatoria is—with our present limited accommodation—to occupy the beds to the exclusion of early and hopeful cases. On the other hand, to leave them in their crowded homes among their underfed families as *foci* of infection, is both unwise and dangerous. A comprehensive scheme for uninsured, as well as insured, is absolutely necessary. The expense will be considerable, but we shall pay far more dearly if we neglect this obviously pressing need.

With 18,000 cases receiving Maternity Benefit every week, it would be surprising if there were not some cases of misapplication of the money. Efforts are being made to try to check such abuses, but it is obvious that there are special difficulties which need the earnest consideration and co-operation of the Friendly Societies and lay organisations before the mother can secure the best possible provision for her need. Under the Midwives Act it has always been compulsory on the midwife, under certain conditions, to call in medical aid. But there has never been any special provision for the payment of the doctor responding to these urgent calls. He has frequently been unable to get any payment at all, although subject to severe condemnation should he refuse to do the work. Under the Insurance Act, in these special circumstances, and only when called by the midwife, a certain portion of the Maternity Benefit is set aside for the doctor's fee. This is considered by some to be a defect in the Act, and it must be admitted that the balance of the thirty shillings after the doctor's fee is paid may appear inadequate. The one great point gained is that for the first time the State has assumed a certain responsibility for the welfare of the mother. If public feeling demands an increase of the amount allotted, more money must be provided.

The initial cost of the Insurance Act will probably prove to be considerably higher than was anticipated. Even so, the money will be well spent. Now that the State is in the way to obtain extensive statistics of illness, the next step will be to aim at overcrowding, underfeeding, and other insanitary conditions, as a means of checking the physical inefficiency which is a far more costly drain upon the nation's wealth than the working of this Act is ever likely to be. Instead of scornfully criticising flaws in administration, ought we not rather to wonder that so great a scheme has come

through its early days so well? In a few years' time the community will agree to regard it as an indispensable service to the State.

A LONDON M.D.

Letters from Abroad.

THE RISE OF THE RUSSIAN HUSBANDMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“Russian people have somehow no backbone,” was the common saying of our friends in other countries some short time ago. However reluctantly, we could not help admitting the truth of this saying. As recently as the end of the nineteenth century, the great bulk of the Russian people presented but a formless mass of sand, incapable of withstanding any pressure from above. However, since the last revolution, all this has been changed.

The general economic condition of the staple industry of the country—agriculture—has been undergoing a crisis for some few decades. The three-field system ceased to pay; grain-growing alone, under the present condition of the world's market, would not sustain the bare existence of the population, especially as the allotments of land—insufficient at the time of the liberation of serfs in the 'sixties of last century—amount now to one-half of what they were then, owing to the doubling of our population in fifty-two years. Whereas the industries of the people, the methods of cultivation of land, and the earnings remained almost unchanged. The intensive culture of the soil, and the addition to pure agriculture of some new, more profitable industries to occupy the idle hands of the peasants in the long winter months, became an evident necessity. And still this could not be realised, for want of means and education at the disposal of the peasants. All the efforts of our private “culture-traders,” however well-meaning, or of those in authority failed to affect the peasants' mind to any great extent in this direction. All practical demonstrations of the benefits of the intensive system of cultivation, of bettering the agricultural implements, and of cattle-breeding, were met by apparently stupid objections from the toiling masses: “Yes, all this is very good for the landlords, but not for us,” which meant merely a common-sense statement—“We have no capital for any costly improvements, and could not make our financial ends meet under the existing circumstances.” The answer of the revolution to this dilemma was: “You must seize the land from the landlords and the State in order to be able to realise any serious improvement in your conditions, and to reorganise your economic organisations on co-operative lines.” The actual life dictated a somewhat altered line of advance. “Reconstruct your economic organisation on any lines and at any cost but with the means you actually possess or might possess now, and thus improve your conditions.”

There are two main obstacles to a solution of this problem: (1) The individual Russian husbandman was too poor to raise any credit; and (2) his mind was too oppressed and stale to evolve any go-ahead spirit. It is exactly this latter condition that has been changed by the recent revolutionary upheaval; the minds of the Russian toiling masses were opened, their spirits rose, and the combination of individual peasants and artisans, to say nothing of the factory hands, on the basis of their essential economic interests, became possible, and is now the order of the day. The presence of these three all-important elements of a huge economic evolution—a crisis in the staple industry, a pressing economic need of the population, and the spread of new ideas as food for hungry open minds—caused the necessary reconstructive change. Russia of the present day possesses close on 25,000 co-operative organisations of all kinds—credit, consuming, and productive—with over 7 million members (which means, with their families, about 30 millions, out of the total population of 165 millions of the Empire) and with about 500 million roubles of

capital involved therein, of which only one-third belongs to the State. And—what is still more important—75 per cent. of all these organisations have actually sprung up since 1907, *i.e.*, after the so-called defeat of the revolution. The tide of broad and sweeping aspirations of that epoch having met the resistance of the undermined but still standing walls of the old order of an autocratic State and of landlordism, found a retreat for its unexhausted latent force in the deeper work of reconstructing the economic organisation of the productive and consuming powers of the population. What was impossible for an individual husbandman or a farmer, became an accomplished fact for co-operative combinations for the purpose of obtaining credit, raw materials, machinery, and goods for improved production and organised consumption, as well as for finding the best markets for the products. In this way, not only the agricultural but also the endless home industries of the country are gradually being organised and shaped into self-supporting and self-managed bodies.

As to the ever-watchful eye of the reactionary Government, it has to be admitted that, in spite of its unceasing war against all activities of the people, so far it has had to give in to this new constructive wave on most points: the irresistible force of the spontaneous economic growth of the country is too great to be trifled with. Jealous and suspicious of every collective combination as is the Russian Ministry of the Interior, the more progressive Departments of the Government, such as the Ministry of Finance and of Agriculture, and especially the local *Zemstvos* (except in those provinces where landlordism is a predominating force), have all along been very active in providing the initial credit and necessary technical instruction for co-operative organisations. Where the State administration hinders the progress of this growth effectively, indeed, is by withholding permission to organise federative unions (on the lines of the Wholesale Co-operative Societies of this country). Scores and scores of petitions for permits for such organisations from all parts of the country fill the shelves of the Ministries at the present moment; quite a number of resolutions have been passed by local as well as national conferences and congresses of specialists and public bodies to that effect—and all of no avail. The Council of the Ministers is afraid of those combinations, and thwarts their progress, quite conscious of the harm done to the country. On the other hand, the co-operative organisations are claiming the right to existence by way of mere registration according to a definite law, which is still wanting, and demanding not to be closed except by the decisions of courts of law, instead of by the simple order of the local police, as at present.

Those few federative organisations which came into existence in spite of the reluctance of the Ministries, are doing very well, and rapidly growing in size and influence. Such is the Moscow Union of Co-operative Societies, with branches in Kiev and other parts, to which belong over 800 consuming Societies; the Moscow Popular Co-operative Bank, which has started co-operative banking only a year ago, with one million roubles paid capital, and now has trebled its turnover; also several organisations in Poland and the Baltic provinces, and in Ural and the northern districts.

The most striking instance of a successful co-operative growth is "The Union of Siberian Butter-making Artels" of Western Siberia. It unites now over 550 Societies, with 120,000 members, and exported last year close on 8,000 tons of Siberian cream butter to this country, Germany, and other countries, and has a special company of its own name in London, with branches in Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, &c. The turnover of the Union last year was 7½ million roubles, while this year it is expected to reach 12 million roubles. In the whole of Western Siberia there are about 2,550 co-operative creameries, of which so far only 550 have joined the Union; but the rest of them are rapidly coming into line, not one by one, but by whole organised districts of 80, 170, and so on, in each. As recently as December last, the number of Union Artels was 318 only. Another illustration can be given in Tobolsk province,

where alone there are 760 co-operative creameries, to which belong 120,000 households out of the total population of 360,000 households, which produce close on 15,000 tons of butter a year.

The vast organisation of the Siberian Union is spread over a distance of 1,500 miles in Siberian territory, on both sides of the railway line. It is entirely self-supporting, and is managed on thoroughly democratic lines. For the last two years the Union decided to add co-operative stores to butter-making, in order to supply villagers with all the household goods they need. The goods are bought wholesale from Moscow and other manufacturers by the Union office in Kurgan, and are distributed among societies almost at cost price. These consuming co-operative stores are organised on strictly Rochdale principles, with one difference, that profits are not divided among members, but form an indivisible capital for extending their co-operative undertakings. Thus have sprung up co-operative flour mills, wood-sawing mills, experimental agricultural fields, model milk-cattle stables, &c. These stores are spreading also with surprising rapidity, making the population free from dependence on any sort of middlemen, formerly the scourge of the country.*

Similar organisations are now rapidly growing in other parts of Russia, and we hope will soon supply the country with the long-wanted "backbone."—Yours, &c.,

N. W. TCHAYKOVSKY.

[The next two issues of THE NATION will contain letters from France and Germany treating of the revised military situation in those countries.]

Letters to the Editor.

PARLIAMENTARY v. PARTY GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must thank you for your excellent leader on "The Need for Parliamentary Government," more especially the latter half of it; and I can only hope it is being very widely read and inwardly digested both by politicians and electors. I am chiefly writing to point out what an unusually good opportunity there is just at present for really doing something in the direction you have indicated. The Practice and Procedure Committee, appointed on Friday, is exactly the right sort of body to consider and make recommendations on the subject, although, possibly, its individual members may be too timid and too conservative to advocate any changes sufficiently radical. The whole question, however, is well within their scope of inquiry.

Probably one of the chief proposals brought before this Committee will be the formation of Standing Committees—say, one for each of the great spending departments—to attend to economy in expenditure and to check the growth of the bureaucracy which has now got such a grasp on the administration of the country. This, of course, would be all in the right direction; but the main change needed for the abolition of the Party system, and for giving the House adequate control over Ministers, is the "Elected Government."

When a new Parliament meets, each "Minister of the Crown" should be elected by the House, individually, and for the life of the Parliament—say, five years. Within that term no Ministry could "fall" and no Parliament be dissolved. No carrying—or not carrying—of any Bills would have any effect on Ministers. They would appoint their own Chairman, who would thus become Prime Minister. If it were desired—say, in the next Parliament—to change an indifferent Chancellor of the Exchequer or Foreign Minister, it would no longer be necessary also to turn out an excellent Minister of Education or Home Secretary.

* The above data are based upon the verified statistical information of the Central Co-operative Committee of St. Petersburg. They differ considerably from the figures of the semi-official "Times" Russian Supplement of June 16th, especially as to those of the Credit Societies and the Siberian butter-making organisations; the former are simply doubled by the "Times" correspondent, the actual figure being 10,550 instead of 20,000, and the latter are much too low.

The whole trouble now that is bringing politics and the High Court of Parliament into such contempt among the general public is the fact that it is possible to upset a Cabinet Government at any moment. Give Ministers a reasonable security of tenure, and they would be able to attend to their real business of administration, leaving the House to be responsible for the legislation it saw fit to pass.

If a great municipal council were divided into two nearly equal parts, one of which spent the whole of its time and energies in trying to turn the Mayor and Chairmen of Committees out of office, how would the affairs of that city thrive? But a system which it would be thought idiotic to recommend for any municipality is, apparently, still thought quite good enough for the management of the affairs of a great nation and a world-wide Empire.

All the political evils of the present day—from the inability to get on with the work of the country, which has become a by-word and a disgrace, to the disgusting exhibitions of "Party spirit" (that is to say, of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness)—are directly traceable to our system of Party Government, and if you will do your best to enlighten public opinion on the subject, and to persuade the Practice and Procedure Committee to face the situation boldly, you will be conferring an inestimable boon, not only on England, but on the cause of democracy everywhere.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Hale, Cheshire, June 28th, 1913.

THE MASSACRE OF THE LONDON STREETS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to the communication which you have published on the subject of Mr. Gattie's scheme of a central clearing-house for goods traffic, you will perhaps find room for the following highly interesting and surprising figures, which show the enormous waste which takes place under the present primitive system of scattered goods yards, and consequent congestion of street traffic.

The Board of Trade traffic census shows that the number of trade vehicles crossing the Thames from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. over ten bridges and under two tunnels, from Battersea to Blackwall, is 48,812 (Cd. 6608).

It is reasonable that between 8 p.m. and 8 a.m. at least 11,188 trade vehicles would pass, which gives us 60,000 trade vehicles in 24 hours.

The traffic census also shows that the proportion passing over the said bridges and tunnels is (less than) 25 per cent. Therefore, we have a grand total of 240,000 trade vehicles in all directions in and out of central London in 24 hours.

The enumerators probably counted each vehicle twice (on an average), once coming, and once going. Therefore, we have 120,000 actual vehicles in operation, reckoning one journey inwards and one journey outwards per twenty-four hours—excluding all short journeys inside the City or central London, and all detours. Now, the gross earnings of a pair-horse van, man, and boy, is 25s. per day; single-horse ditto, 17s.; builder's cart and man, 10s. Pair-horse vans crossing bridges seem to be 25 per cent. of the lot, but that is surely too much over the whole? Say, therefore:

12,000 pair horse at 25s.	£15,000
50,000 single horse at 17s.	42,500
48,000 ditto at 10s.	24,000
10,000 motor vans at £2	20,000
120,000 vehicles =	£101,500

Say London's cartage is one-seventh of the cartage of the United Kingdom, £101,500 \times 311 days = £31,566,500 per annum. Total cost of blocking London streets, £31,566,500 \times 7 = cost of cartage in United Kingdom.

If cartage amounts to 74,000 tons, less 20 per cent., would give about 60,000 tons, the average cart-load being half a ton. The cost per ton for cartage would be £1 13s. 10d., and Mr. Gattie estimates that under his scheme it could be done for 15s. 1d., the difference amounting to £9,295,948 profit on the year.—Yours, &c.

LEWIS R. S. TOMALIN.

95, Milton Street, London, E.C.

July 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We Londoners have to take a painful interest in the statistics Mr. Murray quotes in his letter to you last week on the Massacre of the London Streets, if only for the natural misgiving that any one of us may possibly figure as one of the items in next year's statistics. The passage of the streets is a perilous matter, and any man who has kept his eye on the motor-bus traffic will admit that the peril is rapidly becoming one which we incur for no advantage. This particular method for getting about the town has moved in a circle of futility. The motor-bus first offered us what was badly needed, a means of journeying much superior in economy of time to that presented by the old horse-bus. As a result of its immediate popularity, more motor-buses made their appearance on the streets. The travel habit grew, more and more buses came; and now many roads are so congested with the buses that traffic is as slow as ever. The buses impede one another. I will say nothing now of the peculiar views of the bus companies as to their duty towards the public—they exhibit notices in their buses refusing to accept any liability for accidents arising out of attempts to leave or enter the bus while it is in motion, and apparently at the same time have so concluded arrangements with the drivers that these latter simply decline to pull up to allow one to board or alight from the vehicles. But I invite anyone interested to make a bus journey along some of our principal streets, on a motor-bus, and reckon up the time wasted in delays caused in the main by the presence on the road of so many more buses. Ride from, say, the General Post Office to Oxford Circus. A continuous stream of buses work their way along, crawling perilously round the slower-moving carts, spouting furiously along wherever opportunity seems to present itself, stopped imperatively at every other cross street to let cross streams of buses pass. You recognise by your journey's end that London has already absorbed, caught up with, and passed, all the advantages that the coming of the motor-bus brought about—try to think of London thrown back to-day on horse-buses!—and must have something else to assist its inhabitants to overcome its distances. Tubes won't do. The existence of the tubes is simply an illustration of how readily civilisation gives up its problems and falls back on methods of barbarism rather than take trouble. The filthy atmosphere, the blatant incivility, the degradation involved to decently civilised people in being compelled to hang on to a strap, to burrow underground, to be herded into over-crowded lifts, chivied and hustled by the most unmannerly set of men in any public service I am acquainted with, should convince any thoughtful man that these tubes don't solve our problem, they merely dodge it.

The fact of the matter is that this matter of transit is only one aspect of another question, so large apparently that so far it has never been comprehensively visualised—How long are we going to put off the entire rebuilding of London? I know the smile the suggestion will evoke, but I ask in what other way are you going to prevent London being choked with its own growth? I maintain that the suggestion is not only feasible but that it will have to be adopted, and that very shortly. We simply cannot go on much longer. All our devices and dodges cannot hide the fact that the town has grown anyhow, and that incredible waste takes place every day—waste of time, temper, money, effort—the saving of which will pay a handsome interest on the vast sum undoubtedly necessary to put matters right.

I admit that I ought, if challenged, to be ready with some sort of figures to support my contention. I confess that I have no such figures, but if you will allow me I should like to bring forward a general proposition. It is that, given a business continuously demonstrated to be prosperous and profitable, year after year, although carried on in premises absolutely unfitted for it, then the proper thing to do is to rebuild. To borrow money and erect properly designed premises on which to carry on the business is sound policy; not to do so is unwise. Let any man imagine himself suddenly called upon to take over the reins of a vast industry established for hundreds of years, and always with a tale of great and growing prosperity. Let him imagine that on making his preliminary visits he finds the premises ludicrously unsuitable—a series

of small rooms clapped on one at a time, to satisfy the needs of the moment, alongside the one small room in which the business was originally founded, with no proper communication between them, with inadequate passage ways, bad lighting, bad ventilation, narrow stairs, no goods lifts—and the reflection will immediately come to him: "If, in spite of all these drawbacks, the business pays, year by year, what a profit we shall make when we house it in an up-to-date fashion!"

London is a huge business enterprise, so badly housed that only the inherent capacity for making profits could enable it to overcome the drawbacks. Its situation grows worse and worse. At fearful expense—think of the widening of Fleet Street, and what it is costing and will cost, and then watch the jam of traffic in it—we manage to give it a little more elbow-room here and there. In six months the additional facilities are overtaken, and things are as bad as ever.

I go no further into the matter. I have no plans for a new city—I have no figures as to cost; but we must make a new town soon, and it will pay to do it.

Think of what could be done in the sweeping away of these hideous suburbs and their rebuilding in a fringe along the Southern and Eastern coasts; the destruction of the ungodly rat-holes in which even now a vast proportion of London's manufactures are carried on; the separating of passenger and goods traffic; the centralising of various large industries! Surely the theme is fascinating enough to stir even the heart of the village grocer, shaking hands with himself over the financial results of his enterprise and daring in having enlarged the front window of his shop. The immediate rebuilding of London—I present the idea to you, not as a dream, but as something immensely practical and commonsense.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST GOODWIN.

Fairseat, Highgate, N.
June 28th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—It is to the interest of the community that the suggestion contained in Mr. Henry Murray's letter, in your issue of last week, will quickly fructify, and that Sir George Toulmin will invite at least one or two of the scientific and business authorities mentioned by Mr. Murray to give evidence regarding Mr. A. W. Gattie's machinery before the Select Parliamentary Committee over which he presides. An engineering expert of the highest competence who had paid a visit to the works at Ingate Place, Queen's Road, Battersea, where the machinery is now on exhibition, said of his experience there: "I had expected to see something interesting. I have seen something miraculous."

Journalistic space is limited; but surely it would have been well had Mr. Murray touched on the fearful loss of life and limb on our railway system itself (inseparable from the process of shunting), which is terribly heavy—heavier in proportion to the numbers of the railway personnel than are the appalling figures he quoted re the "Massacre of the London Streets." The adoption of Clearing House methods would eliminate shunting altogether, and so effect a double economy of death and anguish.

I hope that THE NATION, having once mooted the matter, will not let it drop. The Clearing House idea needs nothing but ventilation in the public press to insure its triumph over the crass inertia of our railway and Government officials.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD STATHAM.

12, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.
June 30th, 1913.

A LANDLORDS' ENDOWMENT BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—In your issue of June 28th, you commented very adversely upon Lord Lansdowne's proposals for the re-creation of British agriculture, and as you coupled my name with Lord Lansdowne, I hope you will allow me to offer a few observations in reply.

I am afraid you labor under a misapprehension in believing that the Unionist Land Policy is a "Landlords' Endowment Policy." The Unionist Land Policy is an honest

attempt to re-create decayed British agriculture and to repopulate the deserted countryside. Such a policy is surely not a landlords' policy, but a national policy in the full meaning of the word.

In your article you write:—

"The entire weight of evidence from past experience goes to prove that most small holders prefer to lease a bit of land upon fair terms and with full security of tenure, rather than stake everything on acquiring a freehold. This is an entirely reasonable business view. No sane man wants to bind himself to live and work for ever upon a fixed spot of earth in an age when so many personal calls and such continual fluctuation of markets may open up a better opportunity elsewhere. It is sound public, as well as private, policy that he should keep this freedom to carry himself, his ability, and his capital elsewhere. But Lord Lansdowne and his friends want tied farmers, and are prepared to offer bribes to get them."

I profoundly differ from your description of the agricultural position. The entire weight of evidence goes to show that most small-holders prefer to be owners. If we wish to know what the small-holder desires, we must look to those countries where millions of small-holders live and prosper. Now, in all countries in and out of Europe the small-holders do not favor to acquire the lease of a bit of land on fair terms and on full security of tenure, but they demand the possession of a freehold. We in England have little experience of small-holdings. If you inquire on the Continent of Europe and in America, you will find that the small-holders are freeholders in the vast majority of cases.

Your contention that Lord Lansdowne and his friends want to tie the farmer to the soil is erroneous. You assume that small freehold farms are either unsaleable, or are so difficult to sell that the small-holder cannot get away. Unfortunately, the sale and purchase of land in this country is extremely cumbersome, dilatory, and expensive. In most civilised countries one can buy and sell land as easily as one can buy and sell shares. To get the title-deeds of a piece of land takes, in this country, frequently six months, and the lawyer's costs often come to 10 per cent. of the purchase price. Through the registration of land on the Continent and in the British Colonies, one can buy and sell land in twenty-four hours at an absolutely negligible cost. I assume that, with certain precautionary reservations, a freeholder could sell his freehold, even if part of his indebtedness was not yet paid off, by selling it subject to that indebtedness.

In another part of your article you say: "But where does the laborer come in? As to the chance of the ordinary laborer being permitted to buy and sell with economic freedom as a small occupying-owner, the landlord and the farmer who want his labor will take care of that." Apparently, you assume that the creation of small freeholds would absorb all the laborers, and that, therefore, the agricultural laborers would disappear under a policy of land settlement on a popular basis, that landowners and farmers would therefore oppose small freeholds. That assumption is certainly erroneous. Again, we must look for information to those countries where small freeholds are easily obtainable and extremely numerous. In most Continental countries there is an abundance of agricultural laborers. Every sensible farmer knows that the best agricultural laborer is not the man who has nothing, but the man who either has a little property, or whose father has a small farm to which the son hopes to succeed. An agricultural laborer with a little property, or with some expectations of property, is, as a rule, an able agriculturist, and a better and a more conscientious worker, than a propertyless serf who can any moment exchange the drudgery of the farm with life in town or in the British Colonies.

As I said in the beginning of my letter, the Unionist Land Policy is a national policy. It is a part of the great national and democratic policy of promoting prosperity among the people by increasing production in town and country. Tariff Reform and Land Reform are therefore inseparably bound together, and the Unionist Land Policy is not a "Landlords' Endowment Policy," as you call it, but it is a thoroughly democratic and popular policy, which may be summed up in the words, "Every man his own landlord." —Yours, &c.,

J. ELLIS BARKER.

Constitutional Club, London, W.C.
June 30th, 1913.

THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been asked to try to answer Mrs. Wedgwood's letter in your paper because the opinion is expressed that it is such a pity that THE NATION should not at least attempt to show the other side to the public. I think that there never has been an unselfish effort to better the conditions of a most helpless class of our fellow-creatures which has met with so much misrepresentation as that to care for the feeble-minded. There is no class of our fellow-creatures that suffers as do these when their natural guardians are not what they should be—there is no good natural guardian who suffers as does the parent of a feeble-minded child who feels his son's condition and is not able to make proper provision for him. Mrs. Wedgwood in her letter ignores certain facts as to the condition of the feeble-minded to-day, and makes certain assertions about the Mental Deficiency Bill which have absolutely no foundation. For the facts she ignores—there is great suffering amongst the feeble-minded to-day for two reasons—(1) we lack the proper machinery for giving them the shelter and protection they need, (2) we lack the publicity which is the only safeguard of the helpless. The suffering, also, may be put under two headings—(1) the suffering which is the inevitable result of unguarded and unguided animal passions. I think that a part of this suffering Mrs. Wedgwood and some of her friends look upon as a privilege; seeing that they claim that it is the right of the feeble-minded mother to bring illegitimate children into the world, without any interference from anyone. It seems to me to be a most horrible thing that a poor child, often so young—thirteen or fourteen—that in happier circumstances she would be considered as a child requiring shelter and protection at every step, should go through all the pain of child-bearing in conditions which do away with all the beauty of motherhood, and that again and again because we must not interfere with her liberty. This form of suffering is due to the lack of will-power which is one invariable symptom of feebleness of mind. The feeble-minded woman cannot resist her own animal passions. Mrs. Wedgwood writes of wastrel fathers and feeble-minded mothers. She seems to forget that in many instances the fathers are also weak of intellect. Though it is a recognised fact that there are three boys of this type to every two girls, it is constantly assumed that the father of the illegitimate child is normal and wicked, and the mother ill-used and unable to take care of herself. Sad to say, the reverse occurs; evil women will take the poor lads who cannot take care of themselves, and lead them into all manner of evil. In either case the trouble is due to lack of self-control on the part of the feeble-minded.

(2) Another form of suffering—thousand other forms really—is due to the ill-usage inflicted on the feeble-minded by other people. On this suffering we need to let in the light of public opinion, and this can never be done until we get the power to remove the feeble-minded child, by compulsion, from evil surroundings. This power already exists for the normal child, who, in certain events, is forcibly taken from its home and sent to an industrial school. No other powers will be given under the Bill than those which will safeguard the child whose parents either cannot or will not make proper provision for it. Is there any sense in asking, for example, that the illegitimate, feeble-minded child of the homeless, feeble-minded woman should be sent to a residential school, rather than be left to take its chance on the streets, first in one town and then in another?

Mrs. Wedgwood would allow us to take these children at the request of their parents, to train them and teach them; but she insists that, if the parents desire it, they must be turned out again at the most critical time of their lives. She ignores—she has been shown it—the fact that the parents who desire to remove their children are scarcely ever those who should be allowed to do so. They are the people who will tell you, "yes, I did promise to leave the girl with you for always, but I put nothing in writing; and she may as well come home and work for me now." So the poor girl goes, and the work is found to be nothing, or very little, and her fate is certain, between the impatience of disappointed parents (who had hoped she would at least keep herself) and the temptation of the streets.

With regard to the unfounded assertions Mrs. Wedgwood makes, perhaps the worst is the oft-repeated one that this Bill is for the poor, and not for the rich. This is abso-

lutely untrue. What will happen, should this Bill become law, will be that the rich will be compelled to show that they have made proper provision for their defective children, and the poor will be able to claim such provision from the State. It is a disgrace to us that it has not been so for years. Perhaps the classes which will most benefit will be the moderately well-off middle classes and the respectable working classes, people who cannot at present make provision for any defective child over the age of sixteen years except through the Poor-law, in many cases an unthinkable thing for them. Mrs. Wedgwood assumes that everybody who will be engaged in the administration of the Bill, should it pass, will be chiefly occupied in the prosecution of the poor and defenceless. I should like to know why she brings such an accusation. It is an accusation against all of us who are concerned for the passing of this measure. It is especially brought against those of us who have spent long years in trying to alleviate the sufferings of our weaker brothers and sisters, and who count no trouble too great if, by any means, we may save one of these little ones. We see in the powers that will be given under this measure, the greatest possible weapons against evil and suffering that any nation can at the present time take into its hands. We see the hosts of the wastrels and criminals diminished; we see crowds of children who at present are growing up to the most miserable life of the streets gathered into good homes, tenderly cared for, gently guided, brought to the fullest happiness they are capable of. And Mrs. Wedgwood talks of "perpetual imprisonment," of "endless abuse and petty tyranny!" Sir, I talk of what I know—I know that the evil surroundings which Mrs. Wedgwood deplores are the consequence, far too often, of the mental disability of the people who live in them; we find amongst poor surroundings (and working always away from them) some of the finest and most beautiful of our people; we find amongst the best natural surroundings (in our Colonies, for example) feeble-minded persons who are dragging whole families down, and making a desert where a garden ought to grow. What use to talk of attacking society and altering it? We are society, and the feeble-minded are society. We are all members one of another; together we stand or fall; we cannot break away now from civilisation, we must use it and use its powers and knowledge tenderly and rationally. It is certain that the nation which first makes proper provision for its weak-minded will be the nation which will survive in the history of nations. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the weakest link in the chain of our national life to-day is the mass of mentally weak persons living amongst us, unguarded and unguided, suffering themselves, and bringing endless suffering upon others.—Yours, &c.,

MARY DENDY.

13, Clarence Road, Withington, Manchester.

THE EXTENSION OF RUSSIAN JURISDICTION IN FINLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the following letter, received by me from a Finnish correspondent:

"... Little personal news, you will say; but now, as in the bad times (1899-1905), when a man is likely to be arrested for his opinions upon State matters, politics become very personal indeed. Of course, you heard that Dr. Thekla Hultin has been suspended from her Parliamentary work, because she was the guest of your Anglo-Finnish Society in London, and made a little speech? Knowing the constitution of the A.F.S., and knowing, too, how wary our Finnish members of Parliament learn to be, I feel certain that she did not even utter the word 'Russia,' but the fact remains—she is suspended. Now for more general news. Our country is deeply grateful to Sir Edward Fry, Sir Frederick Pollock, and those other distinguished legal authorities who lately issued an earnestly worded protest against the outrageous treatment of our Finnish judges by the Russian administration. You may criticise your lawyers at home, but we Finns must always esteem the impartial and international spirit which the English Bar has shown in championing our cause now, and on a former occasion.

"Last winter's affair of the Viborg judges was only one case out of many arising from the Equality Law, and this measure was the first fruit of the Decree of Imperial Legislation (June 30th, 1910)." The Equality Law gave to Russian residents in Finland the same rights as true Finnish citizens—a question to be discussed on its own merits; but since it was drawn up and passed without the co-operation or consent of the Finnish Diet, it violates the Constitution of Finland, and no Finnish judge can act upon it. Those of our officials who refuse to carry it out—and there are plenty, as you know—are

liable to the penalties thoughtfully provided in the law itself: they are to be taken before a Russian tribunal, and must serve their sentences in a Russian gaol. G— says this is a compliment to the Finnish Judicial Bench, for Russia at least recognises that she cannot look to them to carry out an unconstitutional law. I told you of the case as it occurred, did I not? A Russian tradesman claimed, under the Equality Law, a license to which, by the legal system of Finland, he was not entitled; the magistrate therefore refused him, and he appealed to the Russian powers in Viborg. By these the magistrate was arrested, so he referred to the Viborg Court of Appeal, which ordered his immediate release. And now, by the penal clauses in the Equality Law, all the twenty-three members of the Viborg Court of Appeal (not to speak of the magistrate and many others) have gone to spend their fifteen months each in a Russian prison; and when they come out they are still condemned as unfit to hold office for several years.

"To-day, we may expect further revelations of the same spirit which reigns over the decree for Imperial legislation and the Equality Law. There is nearly always a kind of wild logic about the actions of the Russian Government; they may be incoherent, but they are seldom inconsequent. Once admit the singular and mistaken premisses upon which the Tsar and his legislators proceed—admit, for instance, that we Finns, in spite of the bitter dissension of Swede and Finn within our realm, are longing for union with Sweden—and the policy of a corrupt and semi-barbarous power, struggling with this and a thousand other difficulties, becomes logical enough. And so, upon the Equality Law follows, in natural sequence, a Bill dealing with political crimes in Finland.

"This first attracted notice at the end of February, and now it has been rapidly passed by the Judicial Committee of the Duma. Briefly, the Bill requires that all political offences committed in Finland shall in future be judged by a Russian tribunal, and the criminals shall take their punishment on Russian soil.

"Now the Russian criminal code, to which our Finnish citizens will thenceforward be subjected, is a relic of pre-constitutional days; and M. Tagantseff, the noted Russian jurist (Conservative and Imperialist though he is), has long pressed for the reform of this code, and the abolition of Articles 126, 128, and 129. Far from reforming it, however, this Bill extends the jurisdiction of a vicious and effete code to a fresh portion of the Empire, and thereby makes any improvement of the code itself far more difficult.

"The Bill appeared under the protection of M. Schjeglovitoff, and was supported by the Octobrists with the exception of Baron Meyendorff, but strongly opposed by the Liberal and Radical minority. It will, in due course, be shown to the Senate of Finland, which now consists entirely of Russia's nominees; and then communicated to the Finnish Diet, which will be at no loss for words to 'describe this measure. And how is it to act upon the country?'

"First, you must understand what political crimes are, and to grasp the full extent of them, you should read the Russian criminal code, for the definitions of a political offence given by Finland and other civilised countries are quite miserably incomplete. To put it simply, if a drunken Russian knocks me down, and I push against him in getting up, I shall be guilty of assault committed from political motive, and my crime falls within the scope of the proposed Bill. Even if I lie prone until the drunken Russian goes away, I am still open to conviction under the Bill for another reason. In Finland the Social Democratic Party, with all its dependent unions and gatherings, is a free, acknowledged, and legal association; not so in Russia. By the criminal code before-mentioned, it is illegal to belong to any Socialist group 'because they are all' (even the Fabians) 'working to upset the existing order of things.' And yet a small body of Social Democrats actually exists in the Duma, and is tolerated there—to impress European visitors, I suppose.

"Whether the very large and very real Social Democratic Party in the Finnish Diet will be similarly exempt from the incidence of this new Bill, I do not know. Possibly the measure is to be worked after the fitful and variable manner of Russian administration; but, however that may be, it is certain that many branches of the party organisation will be attacked, and numerous members must suffer the penalty of eight years hard labor, or exile.

" . . . (Some days later.) This has been delayed, you see, but now I can add more news. The Bill was shown to the Senate as I foretold, but even that packed assembly had the spirit to protest against it. As you recollect, our Senators are now nearly all Russians who chanced to be born in Finland, but the air here is stimulating, so that even these are a little more advanced than their fellows in St. Petersburg. All but four signed a resolution protesting against the Bill. As for the Landtag, it simply refused to take notice of the unconstitutional proposals of the Imperial Government. It was dissolved early in May, and the next General Election is fixed for August 1st. I fear, if Russian residents in Finland attempt to claim the vote—as under the Equality Law they might do—there will be great trouble. Whatever happens, the Landtag is not to reassemble until February, 1914, so that, between now and then, the Administration may do precisely what they choose.

"At present they are so hard up for crimes that they have disinterred the poor old "Voima," which was dissolved in November, 1906. The very worst you could call it was a secret military training association. It played a good part during the great strike, and then passed away—who but

Imperial officials would dream of reviving the Voima after seven years, and arraigning it for trial at Erbo as they are doing now? All this would be more funny than Aristophanes, if it were not so terribly real.

"And what about the press? Since November, 1906, the press of Finland has been practically free, and has made worthy use of its liberty. But now, under Article 129 of the Russian Criminal Code, which is, by the proposed Bill, made binding on our country, anyone who in speech or writing incites others to disobey or resist the laws or judicial measures of the authority 'is liable to imprisonment for three years in a house of correction.' Editors, public speakers, lecturers even, who allude to current matters, will all be guilty of inciting to resistance; they will be sent to St. Petersburg for judgment, and then their fate is easy to foretell.

"And this in spite of the oath taken by Nicholas II., upon his coronation as Tsar and Grand Duke, to maintain the laws and liberties of Finland—in spite of the very decree assuring freedom of speech, press, and association to Finland, which he signed only seven years ago! We have a saying which is like one of yours: 'Kings who break their oath to a people are sometimes broken by them.'—Yours truly,

"X—Y—."

There is little that an English person can add to the above, for the day when England was looked on as a champion of liberty for the small and downtrodden races of Europe is past. We have grown nervous, sagacious, and moderate; we know that it is very bad form to interfere with the domestic affairs of another country—besides, there is the *entente cordiale*. May we not pay dearly for our abstention in the coming years? We are already made to feel that the destinies of all the civilised European nations are very closely bound together, and financiers and armament-makers are teaching us to rise above narrow scruples of patriotism. We grow rich by the building of warships that can one day be turned against our country; then, if our purses have become international, our sympathies may well be international also.

May be—surely, indeed, they *must*? Each month the policies of the great nations grow more complex and secret, but one thing is clear; wealth and power need no national boundaries; all across Europe they link hands. It will go hard with most of us if the friends of liberty here and beyond the sea cannot link hands too. For the sufferings of the weak increase, and soon those who now appear strong may suffer in their turn. Every Russian who is snatched back into tyranny from under the shadow of the British flag makes the Briton's liberty at home more uncertain; the continued oppression of a highly civilised people by the Russian Government makes the freedom of Northern Europe daily more insecure.—Yours, &c.

June 23rd, 1913. ROSALIND TRAVERS.
Tortington House, Arundel.

PORtUGUESE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Tenison, ignoring my answer in the "Daily News" to her own letter, comes forward to defend Mr. Ivens. He wrote: "The amelioration that he (Mr. Swinny) cites to the disparagement of the Duchess of Bedford's campaign is really a vindication and a justification of it." "The Duchess's campaign," which owed its importance to her personal visit to the prisons, began with her letter, published on April 5th, and the hoods were abolished, as I said, on February 13th. That there had been complaints of the state of Portuguese prisons on several previous occasions—under the Monarchy, for instance—and again in October and November, 1912, is true; but neither the Monarchy nor the Ministry in office in the autumn of 1912 made any amelioration. It was left for the reforming Ministry of Dr. Affonso Costa to initiate a whole series of improvements, beginning with the abolition of the hoods—an old relic of the prisons of the Inquisition. And it was after this action of the Portuguese authorities that they received abuse instead of gratitude.

Miss Tenison informs us that Commandant França has never yet been criticised in England. Yet his was one of the prisons compared with those of Naples under King Bomba. To make such a comparison and to say nothing of the improvements he had introduced—improvements vouched for long before by the British Minister—is surely conduct for which an apology is needed.

As regards the original charges, may I point out that my careful comparison of English and Portuguese prisons (THE NATION, May 10th) has never been challenged, that the

Duchess of Bedford did not do so in her letter to THE NATION of May 31st, that my criticisms of the pamphlet which I am now accused of having failed to read carefully in the "Daily News" of June 3rd, were scarcely referred to by Miss Tenison in her reply ("Daily News," June 6th), and that no attempt has been made to substantiate the outrageous comparison between the Portuguese prisons and the Neapolitan? Am I not justified in saying that these charges have been tacitly dropped?

In conclusion, may I ask why Portugal alone is to be refused permission to punish conspirators (whether Royalist or Republican) against the peace of the country and the established Government? It is surely for the Republic to decide when and under what conditions an amnesty may be granted.—Yours, &c.,

S. H. SWINNY.

June 30th, 1913.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BISHOPS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been asked by a very intelligent "man in the street" whether all you say about the bishops will apply also to the judges and justices of the peace. I presume it will, and that, in allowing himself to be raised to the Bench, the judge or magistrate "lays himself under an obligation to the Director of the State." In many cases, of course, "he does not discharge it because he wishes to retain" his judicial integrity. But how will it be if "that again he has given away"? Well, perhaps we may hope for better things in time, for "the moment the courts of law have the courage to let the State go, all these moral difficulties disappear."—Yours, &c.,

F. H. J.

July 1st, 1913.

[Do judges, like Bishops, take part in politics?—ED., NATION.]

LORD CHEYLESMORE AND THE R.S.P.C.A.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The rejection of Lord Cheylesmore from the Council of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has reduced the research defenders to a condition of breathless amazement.

Lord Cromer's remarks at the annual meeting of the Research Defence Society were extremely diverting; he positively threatened to leave the R.S.P.C.A. if Lord Cheylesmore was not reinstated. But as that Society has already passed a resolution requesting Lord Cromer to remove his name from the list of Vice-Presidents, its members may be trusted to meet with fortitude this belated offer of his to accede to their invitation to him to depart.

These two gentlemen really take a somewhat exaggerated view of the importance of whether they are within or without the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Society will be able to continue its excellent work whether Lord Cheylesmore retains or does not retain the Council seat in which, as a fact, he seldom sat, or whether Lord Cromer's name appears or does not appear in the list of Vice-Presidents which very few people peruse.

Neither of these personages will be missed in Jermyn Street, for one never went there at all, and the other was quite frequent absentee at the Council meetings, and even if they both cease to subscribe, a reeling blow will not be inflicted on the resources of the Society, for I shall be pleased to continue to pay whatever subscriptions they withdraw.

I hear that the Council of the R.S.P.C.A. are about to take a poll of all the members, invited by them on an ex parte statement containing a list of Lord Cheylesmore's shining qualifications for a seat on the Council.

Those who object on principle to avowed supporters of vivisection sitting on that Council have not been afforded any facilities for addressing the members on this poll. To collect votes in such a manner is entirely unfair, and is done in total disregard of Rule XIX, in which will be found the following words:—

"That equal access to the names and addresses of all the Members of the Society be afforded both to those opposing, and those supporting, the disputed decision of the Annual or Extraordinary General Meeting."

In these circumstances I take leave to suggest that the Council would be better advised if they withdrew their absorbed attention from Lord Cheylesmore, and concentrated it instead on the work to perform which they were exclusively elected—namely, the prevention of cruelty to animals.

—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

92, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

July 1st, 1913.

THE OUDH EXECUTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I regret to find that in the recent debate on the Oudh Executions the question which I asked Mr. Montagu—and which at the time he was unable to answer—as to the date of Sir John Hewett's promotion in the Order of the Star of India, was a question based on wrong information. That promotion, I now understand, took place some considerable time before the facts in this case occurred, so that my question was not relevant to the subject of the debate. This does not, of course, affect in any way the main substance of the criticisms expressed by myself and others in the course of the debate; but in fairness to the Government of India and to Sir John Hewett, I shall be glad if you will allow me to take this opportunity of correcting the misstatement to which my question gave rise.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

July 1st, 1913.

Poetry.

REALITY.

MANY years ago—

On a morning of hot, swift sunshine and racing shower—
Love was abroad in the fields, and He watched me pass
Through stretches of orchis and cowslip and shimmering
grass;
And Love looked into my face through the face of a
flower,—
And I was too young to know.
But the heavens and the earth were new for a marvellous
hour:—
I clutched at the purple and gold, and I shouted and
sang
Notes that caroled unbidden and words that sprang:
And drunk with the glory I wandered, and came home
late;
And I heard the servants call from the Rectory gate;
And Nurse was cross, and scolded, for Mother had missed
me,
But the maid cried, "Bless him, the sweetheart!" and
clasped me and kissed me;
And I—I did not know why!

On a later day,
I met, in the dismal walks of a London square,
A prim little brown-eyed girl, with a huge black hound.
Three times we met and we glanced as we marched our
round:
Three times Vision gleamed in the arch of her hair:—
For the face I had seen in the face of the flower was
there—

And I knew it; and went my way.
And seven years after, I knelt in a College choir,
And I lifted my head, for I felt my temples stirred
By something that came, like a breath, like a hovering
bird:—
And I looked whence it was, and I saw, and my soul
took fire,—
For fronting me there was the face of the London child,
With eyes that were waiting for mine, and a mouth that
smiled.
And that one day was our own. And I only know—
She was wed, and is dead, long ago.

S. O.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"University and Historical Addressees." By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Capture at Sea." By Earl Loreburn. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Seine from Havre to Paris." By Sir Edward Thorpe. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Crowds." By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "The Case for Railway Nationalisation." By Emil Davies. (Collins. 1s. net.)
 "Easter: A Play in Three Acts." By August Strindberg. Translated by V. S. Howard. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)
 "The Larger Aspects of Socialism." By W. E. Walling. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)
 "Illusions and Realities." By J. A. Brooke. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
 "The New Foresters." By William Caine. (Nisbet. 5s. net.)
 "One Woman's Life." By Robert Herrick. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
 "Lauzun: Un Courtisan du Grand Roi." Par le Duc de la Force. (Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Mystère Egyptiens." Par A. Moret. (Paris: Colin. 4 fr.)
 "La Politique des Tarifs Préférentiels dans l'Empire Britannique." Par Jacques Le Monnier. (Paris: Pedone. 6 fr.)
 "Kalogouça, le Cœur Fidèle." Roman. Par André Lichtenberger. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN is engaged upon a new "Life of Keats," which he hopes to make the standard and complete critical biography. He has issued an appeal to American collectors for notes of any unpublished material, autograph or other, which may be in their hands. Sir Sidney Colvin's former books on Keats will lead readers to expect great things from the coming biography.

* * *

M. ANATOLE FRANCE has always been a strong advocate of classical learning, and in several of his essays he pays tribute to the debt which the modern world owes to the literatures of Greece and Rome. A book called "Le Génie Latin," to be published next week in Paris by the firm of Lemerre, gives a further proof of his interest in the classics. It consists of a series of extracts, to which M. France appends biographical and critical notices of the various writers. The book, he says in his preface, "is an act of faith and love for that Greek and Latin tradition, so full of beauty and of reason, outside of which there is nothing but error and trouble. Philosophy, art, science, government, we owe them all to Greece and to those conquerors of hers whom she has conquered."

* * *

UNDER the title of "Studies from an Eastern Home," Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately a volume of essays and sketches by the late Miss Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita), of Calcutta, whose "Web of Indian Life" nearly ten years ago received recognition as a fine essay in the interpretation of Eastern society and ethical ideals. The forthcoming volume contains, among other things, a group of studies of the principal festivals of the Hindu sacred year, a description of a pilgrimage to a Himalayan shrine, and a picture of the Ganges delta in a time of famine. Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe supplies a memorial introduction, and has been enabled to add a number of tributes to the work and vivid personality of Sister Nivedita by Professor Patrick Geddes, Mr. Nevinson, Dr. T. K. Cheyne, and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore.

* * *

THE Oxford University Press is about to issue a volume of "Autobiographical Notes" by the late "Mark Rutherford." It will be seen through the press by the author's daughter, Miss Mary White, and will be uniform with "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages from a Journal." "Mark Rutherford" has bequeathed to the British Museum a number of books and manuscripts, among them a rather lengthy correspondence relating to Wordsworth between the testator and Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the editor of the Oxford edition of Wordsworth's "Poetical Works."

* * *

A collection of critical appreciations by Mr. Edwin Björkman, the authorised translator of Strindberg's plays, is

shortly to make its appearance. Its title is "Voices of To-morrow," and the writers dealt with are Strindberg, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, George Gissing, Madame Selma Lagerlöf, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. Robert Herrick. Mr. Björkman is also preparing a volume on "Scandinavian Literature," which will treat of the leading writers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with special reference to the manner in which their work illustrates modern tendencies in life and letters.

* * *

THERE are many signs of a growing interest in the great religious systems of the East, and in the mystical element in religion. This tendency is at all events clearly visible in the world of books, and we have more than once drawn attention to the excellent little volumes published by Messrs. Constable, and to Mr. Murray's successful "Wisdom of the East" series. "The Quest Series," to be edited by Mr. G. R. S. Mead and published by Messrs. Bell, is yet another proof of this interest in mysticism. The first volumes will be published in October, and will include "Catholic Mysticism" by Baron von Hugel, "Mysticism in Islam" by Professor R. Nicholson, and a study of "Buddhist Psychology" by Mrs. Rhys-Davies. Other volumes are in preparation for later issue.

* * *

MR. W. P. COURTNEY, the compiler of "The Register of National Bibliography" and several other bibliographical volumes, is at work on a bibliography of Dr. Johnson which will include, in addition to Johnson's own writings, the books and essays of importance that have been written about him.

* * *

"THE STORY OF THE GREAT ARMADA" is the title of an historical study by Mr. R. A. Hale, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Nelson. Mr. Hale deals at length with the political circumstances that gave rise to the expedition, as well as with the events by which it was frustrated.

* * *

THE rogue in literature is so attractive a theme that it is surprising it has not been more thoroughly exploited. Professor Frank Chandler is one of the few writers who have made a close study of the subject, and his two volumes on "The Literature of Roguery" are well worth attention. We notice that a fresh contribution to the subject is announced as the first volume in the new series of "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies" of which Professor C. H. Firth and Sir Walter Raleigh are the joint editors. The writer of the volume is Mr. F. Aydelotte, and its title is "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds, and their Representation in Contemporary Literature."

* * *

OF course, the best Elizabethan rogues, as well as the most realistic descriptions of low life in Elizabethan times, are to be found in Shakspere, and Mr. Aydelotte is sure to make use of both parts of "Henry IV." and of "The Winter's Tale." A less familiar source is Thomas Nash's work of fiction, "The Unfortunate Traveller," a picaresque tale which seems to have been suggested by "Lazarillo de Tormes." Nash's hero is called Jacke Wilton, and though not quite the equal of his Spanish prototype, he is an engaging rascal, and Professor Chandler claims that the book "is distinguished by the freshness and sparkle of its diction, by its narrative power, by its swift and vivid character sketching, by its humor, its realism, and its Puritanism." The last characteristic, by the way, is a rather odd ingredient in a picaresque novel.

* * *

ANOTHER classic of Elizabethan roguery is "The English Rogue, Described in the Life of Meriton Latroon, a Witty Extravagant." This work was begun by Richard Head, continued by Francis Kirkman, and concluded by both writers in collaboration. Apart from the information it gives about low life in Elizabethan days, "The English Rogue" is of very little value. It was written, "first and foremost to gain money," as Head informs the reader, but neither author had any literary ability, and their work is dull, brutal, and indecent in tone. Its merit is that it preserves a number of traditional tales which would otherwise have been lost. The last reprint of "The English Rogue" appeared in 1874, in four volumes.

Reviews.

THE REPRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare in the Theatre." By WILLIAM POEL. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

If Mr. William Poel's judgment had been equal to his enthusiasm, his energy, his disinterested devotion to his ideal of dramatic art, he might have done signal service to the English theatre. Some service he has done—he has helped onward a reaction against the subordination of Shakespeare to scenery and spectacle. He had the root of the matter in him; of that there is no doubt; but both his theories and his practice as Director of the Elizabethan Stage Society were marred by such eccentricities as to deprive them of all persuasiveness either to managers or to the public. In these latter days, no doubt, he has had some influence on such managers as Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Martin Harvey; but the movement they represent would certainly have come without him, and it may be questioned whether, in detail, his influence has been altogether for good.

This book is a sheaf of essays, of widely different dates, bearing more or less directly upon the representation of Shakespeare. Its opening sentence runs thus: "The interdependence of Shakespeare's dramatic art with the form of the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote his plays is seldom emphasised." Such a flat contradiction of notorious fact is inexplicable until we glance at a footnote, and see that it dates from 1893. Presently, we go still further back, to an essay of 1890; and these two papers Mr. Poel brackets under the heading "The Stage of Shakespeare." Nothing could be more characteristic of his method. Our knowledge of the stage of Shakespeare has grown enormously since 1890-93. The patient work of half a score of investigators, in Germany, in America, and even in these islands, has, at any rate, defined the problems of the Elizabethan theatre, and has solved some of them, though others remain obscure. To this work Mr. Poel has contributed not one jot or tittle. The "Founder and Director of the Elizabethan Stage Society" has no place among the serious students of the Elizabethan Stage. Wegener, Brodmeier, Mönkemeyer in Germany, Feuillerat in France, Albright, Reynolds, and Wallace in America, W. J. Lawrence in Dublin: these are the real laborers in the vineyard, and not one of them is indebted to Mr. Poel for a single contribution to knowledge, or even a suggestive criticism. Mr. Poel's name simply does not occur in all this not inconsiderable literature. He, as we find, is perfectly content with the unsifted guesses of a quarter of a century ago, and reprints two brief articles of the early 'nineties as though they contained "all we know and all we need to know" about the stage of Shakespeare. He might as well give us a treatise on Polar Exploration, stopping short at the point it had reached in 1893.

But even in 1893, Mr. Poel was not abreast of the time. The performances he directed often flew in the face of positive knowledge as to the practices of the Elizabethan stage. Why did a man of his sincere enthusiasm and wide reading in Elizabethan literature persist in giving us an Elizabethan stage constructed in the ratio of one part knowledge to three parts whim? Simply because he never approached the subject in a scientific spirit, but always from the point of view of a Shakespeare-worshipping aesthetic. Here is a noteworthy passage from his essay of 1893. He quotes from Collier, with high approval, the following sentences:—

"We owe to the absence of painted canvas many of the finest descriptive passages in Shakespeare, his contemporaries, and immediate followers. The introduction [of scenery], we apprehend, gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."

Then Mr. Poel proceeds in his own person:—

"Shakespeare could not have failed to recognise that by employing the existing conventions of his stage he could the more readily bring the public to his point of view, since its thoughts were not being constantly diverted and distracted by those outward decorations and subordinate details which in our day so greatly obliterate the main object of dramatic work."

It would be unfair to dwell on the literal meaning of this passage. Mr. Poel cannot really believe what his words imply—that Shakespeare deliberately chose between a scenic and a non-scenic stage, and rejected the former because it distracted the thoughts of the audience from the true busi-

ness of drama. He knows perfectly well that Shakespeare had no choice in the matter, but simply accepted, without demur, the mechanism he found ready to his hand. But even if its wording were amended, the passage, following on the quotation from Collier, would still show a curious lack of the historic spirit. The genuine investigator does not start from any assumption of superiority or inferiority. He starts from the principle that it is interesting and instructive to replace a body of dramatic literature in the physical medium for which it was designed; wherefore he strives, as nearly as possible, to reconstruct that medium. If a piece of music was composed for the harpsichord, we are interested in hearing it played on the harpsichord, because we thereby fully realise the composer's intentions—not because we consider the harpsichord inherently superior to the grand piano. In the case of the Elizabethan theatre, indeed, the argument for superiority is not only irrelevant, it is self-contradictory. It cannot possibly promote "the main object of dramatic work" that the playwright should have to describe his scene through the mouths of his characters, doing in dialogue what his successor of to-day does in stage-directions. This condition of the Elizabethan stage enriched our descriptive but not our dramatic poetry, and Collier was talking nonsense when he ascribed the decline of English drama to the fact that playwrights no longer required to be their own scene-painters. It is this fallacy of Shakespearolatry which has vitiated Mr. Poel's work. When he had dispensed with painted scenes he thought he had done all that was needful, and that details did not matter. But it is the details that do matter. If we want to act a scene as Shakespeare meant it to be acted, we must place it on a stage as like his own as we can make it, must seriously study the evidence as to his methods of presentation, and must put a strict curb upon our private inspirations and fancies. This Mr. Poel was very far from doing. He was a non-scenic Beerbohm Tree.

In this book he dwells at considerable length upon his favorite text, that

"Until editors ignore the acts and scenes in the folio edition of 1623, and take the form of the play as it appears in the quartos—that is, without divisions—no progress can be made with the study of Shakespeare's dramatic art."

As this is a point on which modern managers are inclined to accept Mr. Poel's guidance, it is worth a little examination.

Mr. Poel has certainly two arguments in his favor: (1) That no act divisions appear in the quartos, while even in the folio they are imperfectly carried out; (2) that, in the play as divided in the folio, the transition from act to act obeys the same rule as the transition from scene to scene—namely, that a character who leaves the stage at the end of one scene never appears at the beginning of the next. It may fairly be argued that if the poet intended a pause between the last scene of one act and the first scene of the next, there would be no reason for his adhering to this rule.

So far, Mr. Poel's position is strong; but he disregards a multitude of arguments on the other side. In the first place, the act was a perfectly familiar and recognised institution on the Elizabethan stage from its earliest days. Shakespeare himself uses the word, in its theatrical sense, some eight or ten times. He divides "Henry V." into acts by the speeches of the Chorus; though there is no Chorus to mark the division between Acts III. and IV. The "act-time" or simply the "act" was a well-understood technical term for the interact; and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where the lovers fall asleep at the end of Act III., there occurs the stage-direction, "They sleepe all the Act"—meaning that, on the uncurtained stage, they must lie quiet during some sort of interval. It is true that this direction does not appear in the quartos; but it can scarcely be argued that Heminge and Condell (most careless of editors) inserted it merely because they saw it to be rendered necessary by an act-division which they were wantonly inventing. That it was a genuine stage-direction, for guidance in some performance, is proved by the fact that a further direction, "Sleepers Lye still," occurs in the middle of the fourth act—an admonition which no editor could possibly have inserted merely for the benefit of readers. Indeed, the occurrence of one of the actors' names (Tawyer) in a stage-direction in Act V. shows that the play was actually printed from a prompt-book. This does not prove, of course, that it was

divided into acts at its first production; but it does establish the fact that such a division was made while it was still being performed by Shakespeare's company. Of the prevalence of interact music Mr. W. J. Lawrence gives abundant evidence in the first volume of his "Elizabethan Playhouse." Against this it is argued, from a phrase in the induction to "The Malcontent," that the "custom" of music was "not received" at the Globe; but the passage is by no means clear, and is very frail foundation for the belief that Shakespeare deliberately rejected the practice of dividing plays into acts. To suppose so does not get over the difficulty of the frequent allusions to the "two-hours' traffic of the stage"; for many of his plays could not possibly be brought within that limit by the mere suppression of act-pauses.

So much for what may be called documentary evidence. When we turn to aesthetic considerations, the case against Mr. Poel's contention is still stronger. If Shakespeare despised the act-division, "the less Shakespeare he." From the Greeks onward, all European dramatists have recognised the advantage of imparting a certain rhythm to the progress of an action, by breaking it into sections marked by brief intervals, which the Greeks filled with choral odes. It is eminently desirable that the audience should have breathing-spaces to reflect upon what has passed and anticipate what is to come. The idea that Shakespeare gains by breathless, non-stop performance is one that will certainly not maintain itself in practice. The most that can be said for it is that in some plays the act-rhythm is less marked than in others, and can be ignored with less disadvantage. No doubt the practice of making each scene an act by dropping the curtain for an elaborate change of decoration is still more reprehensible; but why should reaction from one abuse hurry us into another? What impartial student can believe that the recognised act-division is a wicked invention of Heming and Condell? In that case, they must have been men of considerable genius; for the act-rhythm, marked by the divisions, has commended itself to generations of critics, as distinguishing with tolerable accuracy the natural stages in the process of an action: initiation, ascent, culmination, descent, catastrophe. It may even be argued that Shakespeare's art suffered by his adherence to the five-act convention; for, in several plays, the movement so noticeably slackens in the fourth act that we fancy he might have produced a stronger work of art had he felt himself at liberty to pass at one bound, as it were, from culmination to catastrophe.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

BRITAIN, VIRGINIA, AND SOME GRAND-FATHERS.

"Other Days: Recollections of Rural England and Old Virginia, 1860-1880." By A. G. BRADLEY. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

"OTHER DAYS" is an excellent title, for it binds the author to nothing, and suggests all sorts of possibilities in the "dark backward and abysm of time." But the usages of this review require a heading more exactly descriptive, and this I have endeavored to supply. The cadence of the words obliges me to put the grandfathers last; but in the book they come first, and figure very prominently. The Rev. Charles Bradley was sometime incumbent of St. James's, Clapham, and for forty-seven years vicar of a Welsh parish, where he did not reside. Of this estimable pluralist (who is said to have been strikingly handsome, a good judge of a horse, and the father of twenty-one children), his grandson affirms, on the first page, that "thirty or forty years ago there was not a clergyman of ordinary knowledge and culture, or a layman of the slightest theological bent in all England, to whom 'Bradley's Sermons' were not by name at least familiar as a theological classic." *Nego majorem*—though not in the sense in which the phrase was used by the logicians. I deny that ancestor. I was reared in the very heart of the Evangelical school, and we were nurtured on sermons; but I never saw or heard of "Bradley." Henry Blunt and Henry Melville were twin-stars. "Millennial Marsh" was a household word. We consulted the lively oracles of Beamish, and suffered many things of MacNeile, and Close and Goode and Malone. But memory is silent about Bradley; and I shrewdly suspect him of having been,

not as his grandson fondly imagines, a Low Churchman, but "Broad." This suspicion is confirmed by the statement that his sermons were "free from controversial acerbity"; and that, though he lived till 1871, he was never made a dignitary. Mr. Bradley, whose studies seem to have lain in other fields, thinks that in those days the Low Church Party was "unpopular in a theological sense." Contrariwise, it was by far the most popular of our "three historic schools." High Churchmen were regarded as masked emissaries of Rome, and Broad Churchmen as unmasked sons of Belial. But Low Churchmen were the salt of the earth, and their savor was so highly esteemed by Lord Shaftesbury, who kept Palmerston's ecclesiastical conscience, that all episcopal and deanonical appointments were saturated with it for thirty years.

About the other grandfather—the Venerable Benjamin Philpot—I find nothing disputable. He was an archdeacon, a country rector, a squire, and a sportsman; lived to be ninety-eight, and "retained" to the end of an honored life "every faculty," including those of smoking cigars and drinking whiskey-and-water. Truly a green old age. The Son of Sirach bade us "praise famous men and our fathers that begat us"; and Mr. Bradley has dutifully obeyed the injunction.

Does Mr. Bradley dictate his books? Not otherwise can I account for such a heinous solecism as "Wickhamist of Wickhamists"; and an author educated at Marlborough should know that the beloved headmaster who raised that school out of the mire was "George" Cotton. But these and suchlike slips which leap to the reviewing eye are only spots in the sun; for they occur in a description of Wiltshire scenery, Wiltshire cricket, and Wiltshire folk-lore which is delightful reading, and reminds one of those (much best) chapters of "Tom Brown" that describe the Vale of White Horse. The picture of Savernake Forest is a really enchanting sketch. From Marlborough (where he was educated under his distinguished father, whom we all remember as Dean of Westminster) Mr. Bradley went to Cambridge; but he "hops with airy and fastidious levity" over the Cam, and reappears as what is idiomatically called a "Mud-Puppy" in East Lothian. Here is the reason of "Britain" in my heading; for Mr. Bradley's Scottish experiences are quite as instructive as anything which he underwent in England. Our forefathers delighted in the exploits of "a learned pig"—what would they have thought of a literary Mud-Puppy? Differing in this respect from ninety-nine in a hundred of his craft, Mr. Bradley "had a strong sense of the past," and went up to his new work saturated with Scott's novels. His favorite had always been "The Bride of Lammermoor," and now he found himself within sight of Wolf's Crag. "The first morning that for me broke over East Lothian, revealed at a glance about half its bounds and a good deal outside of them.

. . . The triumphs of agriculture—prosaic, material, if you like—were set nevertheless in a frame that embodied half the romance of Scottish history." Mr. Bradley arrived in Scotland before the agricultural cataclysm of 1879, and the farmer on whose holding he worked paid a rent of £3 5s. an acre. Farmers and "hinds" and women-laborers were intelligent, thrifty, temperate, and extraordinarily industrious; yet Mr. Bradley says: "I remember hearing a great Lothian landlord at his own table speak of the tenantry who paid him from £3 to £5 an acre, over thousands of acres, as 'those infernal Scotch farmers.'" He was annoyed at some objections which were being raised against their highly cultivated lands being over-run, and their crops injured by "swarms of half-tame hares." The tenant of the farm on which Mr. Bradley worked was dismissed from his holding by a Tory landlord, because he had the temerity to stand for Parliament, although "he and his forebears had occupied the farm for a century, and had made it what it was—the Mecca of agricultural pilgrims from all countries." Being now in a Scottish vein, I will prætermit—I believe it is the right word—Mr. Bradley's adventures in the "Polled Angus business" of East Aberdeenshire, and in the softer avocations of the Isle of Wight, pausing only to record the vigorous testimony of a retired admiral, to whom Dean Bradley had remarked that Napoleon I. must have been a handsome man. "Bonaparte handsome! D—d scrofulous little devil!" This is worthy of Nelson.

A love of travel and adventure carried Mr. Bradley, in 1874, to Canada, of which he has written

copiously in another book, and thence to Virginia, which supplies the most interesting chapter of the book before us. In describing the wild life and wilder sport of that much-misunderstood country, Mr. Bradley is quite at his best. It is pleasant to be introduced to "a real old ramshackle Virginia house, by thunder!" and to the "pretty hoary old fossil" who inhabits it. Pleasant, too, to follow "the hardest-headed lot of fox-dogs south of the Potomac River," even though they are "fooling after a rabbit," or a "ringing, skulking grey fox," instead of his red and stauncher cousin. To hunt turkeys sounds unsportsmanlike, but it turns out to be only a superior form of shooting, for the "wild turkey is the noblest of woodland birds, and wariest of feathered fowl." Mr. Bradley is convinced that he is the first man who ever threw a fly over the trout-streams of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and his narrative of the excitement created at Rumbling Creek by the "jinted pole," which its owner "flung about like a buggy-whip, and raked out the fish like Ole Scrat," would stir the most lethargic blood. He thus quotes the headlines of the "Bunkerville Sentinel," the organ of local news. "Brutal Assault on Peaceful Anglers. Party from Bunkerville Savagely Chased out of the Windy Range. The Colonel says he has had enough of trout-fishing, but refuses to say more. The Judge goes back on Izaak Walton, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that Trout-fishing is not the Recreation for a Contemplative Man—not on Rumbling Creek, anyway."

But the best is at the end. Mr. Bradley has demolished, one would hope for ever, the imbecile superstition that the Virginians were an aristocratic race. He can remember, in his school-days, the boyish cry of "Southern Gentlemen and Northern Cads," due, in great part, to the Christy Minstrel songs, which had then just come into fashion. "There was a vague notion that 'ole massa' must be a sort of aristocrat, and that a man who had a negro to 'bresh away de blue-tail fly' must be a gentleman." A similar conviction, under other forms, may often be detected at the base of our social institutions; even Thackeray succumbed to the delusion; and we cannot be surprised that "the gigantic myth of the Cavalier and Aristocrat capers in the background of the unhistorical, sanguine, Virginian imagination." The Virginians, according to Mr. Bradley, were not cavaliers or aristocrats, or even, in the usual sense of the term, gentlemen. "They were farmers, handicapped by the deplorably slipshod methods of servile negro labor." They hated the "Yankees," because the Yankees had crushed their rebellion and freed their slaves; and they induced nine-tenths of English society to take them at their own valuation.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

BULGARIA AND HER CZAR.

"Czar Ferdinand and His People." By JOHN MACDONALD. (Jack. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MACDONALD speaks of "Czar Ferdinand's Bulgarians." "King and people," he says, "are inseparable." He identifies Ferdinand with the Bulgarian people more closely than any writer has ventured to do hitherto. He gives to him the largest share in drawing forth "the latent force of character in the Bulgarian race." The reader who drew his facts solely from this book would come to the conclusion that the modern Bulgarian State, with the power of its army, the virtue of its education, and the promise of empire, was mainly the creation of Ferdinand's genius. He outlines the character and history of the Bulgarian people as parts of the same story in which he traces the career of Ferdinand.

He does not claim to solve the problem of the sudden re-emergence of the Bulgarian race after centuries of subjection to the Turk. He realises, indeed, that in the great days of the Bulgarian Czars, when their Empire stretched from the mouth of the Danube as far as Ochrida and Epirus, there existed no compact nationality in the modern sense of the term. It was possible for large territories to change hands, passing from one boyard to another, or from a Bulgarian dynasty to a Greek or a Servian, without the mass of the inhabitants appreciating the difference. The author probably exaggerates the submergence of the Bulgarian race under Turkish rule. It is arguable that that subjection fostered racial feeling rather than broke it, just as English rule in Ireland and India has tended to consolidate the subject

population. The Christian notable who had once oppressed the peasant Bulgarian became, under the Turk, his representative and champion. The monasteries which had once enriched themselves arbitrarily and violently, became repositories of Bulgarian traditions, and dispensers of charity. The heiduck, or brigand, who once preyed upon his fellow-Christians, became a hero of the people when he preyed upon the Turk. Folksongs perpetuated his glorious savagery, and with song and dance the Bulgarians asserted their distinctive customs and feelings. The Turks generally tolerated, though they were unable to govern, their Christian subjects, and when they failed to convert them they could no more assimilate or mix with them than the Russians could mix with the Jews.

The Bulgarians were always a strongly defined race, clearly distinct, excepting in certain debatable regions which they shared with Greeks or Servians. Ancient customary rights, once respected by the Turks, were again and again violated in the nineteenth century, and the example of insurrection had its effects upon a long-suffering but not enslaved population. No one, indeed, could have foretold the emergence of a people so profoundly united in patriotism, so powerful in organisation, so irresistible in concerted action. But Servian, Montenegrin, and Greek are not less endowed with racial feeling. It was the Turk who compelled the patriotism, and the "iron dose" in the Bulgarian composition which created the type of nation now dominant in the Balkans.

It is giving too much credit to the French-Austro-German gentleman who accepted the title of Prince to suppose, as Mr. Macdonald urges, that he was the man who fostered and safeguarded Bulgarian nationality. If there is any one man to whom this credit belongs, it is Stambuloff. It was Stambuloff who saved the young State from the menace of domination by Russia, and it is hard to resist the conclusion that in his attempts to conciliate Russia Ferdinand was mainly actuated by the desire to gain the recognition of his title. It was Stambuloff who secured from the Sultan religious concessions to the Bulgarians of Macedonia, thus beginning the Macedonian policy which has triumphed to-day.

At the same time Mr. Macdonald has done well to remind us of the considerable part that Ferdinand has played in his adoptive country. Never until he figured as head of the army in the recent war has he been really popular in Bulgaria. In this reserved, studious man, who insisted on the rigors of Court etiquette, there was little to appeal to the rather harsh, outspoken, democratic Bulgarian, who has not yet learned to appreciate class distinctions. It was often objected that he spent too much time out of the country, and that his residences in the capital were short. But he spared no pains to study the customs of the people and to understand their history. In his long country walks he got to know much of the peasant and his conditions of life. He encouraged education and railway enterprise, and he was as eager as any of his Ministers in seeing that the army was organised and equipped for modern war.

But it is in his foreign policy that he has contributed most to the Bulgarian cause. He has inherited the European tradition of correctness and caution in diplomacy. What is a vice in the inert Foreign Offices of the West has proved a virtue among the headstrong politicians of the Balkans. He was, again and again, a restraining influence in Bulgaria at moments when the people passionately longed for war. He talked to diplomats in every country of Europe. He was especially persuasive at Vienna, and it is believed to have been he who arranged that Bulgaria should declare her independence at the moment when Austria was annexing Bosnia. Though Servia, Montenegro, and Greece have again and again been lectured by the Powers, Bulgaria, in recent years, has more often been praised for the correctness of her behavior. Mr. Macdonald rightly says that the Czar has been the best possible "advertiser" of his country, and has gained diplomatic support in the most unlikely quarters.

We could wish that Mr. Macdonald had gone a little more fully into the later years of his rule, which are not, of course, discussed in Mr. Hepp's "Ferdinand de Bulgarie," and more particularly into the part he played in promoting the Balkan Alliance. His hero has been too much the subject of panegyric to satisfy the demands of sober history; but Mr. Macdonald's enthusiasm for Bulgaria, his love also of the personal and picturesque, have given sustained vigor and interest to his book.

THE PAULINE PROBLEM.

"*Paul and his Interpreters: A Critical History.*" By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "*St. Paul: A Study in Social and Religious History.*" By ADOLPH DEISSMANN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE accentuation of the eschatological element in New Testament Christianity is the distinctive note of the theology of to-day. With it goes a relegation of the ethical to a secondary position. When Schweitzer's famous "*Von Reimarus zu Wrede*" appeared, "I feel," said Tyrrell, "that I have been reading the Gospel all my life through nineteenth-century spectacles; and that now scales, as it were, have fallen from my eyes." An attempt has been made to force this Apocalypticism into a desperate argument for Catholic as opposed to Protestant Christianity. To most men it seemed, at least at first sight, as if the theory were fatal to Christianity—Catholic and Protestant alike. For the Founder of Christianity "did not even originate the Apocalypse. His two discoveries were that the end was near and that he was the Messiah. The first, we know, was a mistake; the second may have been." If this be so, what is left? Well, a new idea is apt to bulk large on the horizon. It does not appear that Schweitzer's perspective has had the results feared or expected: he himself has found the attraction of what may seem his attenuated conception of Christ so powerful that he has abandoned his brilliant prospects at home in order to go to the East as a medical missionary, ordination having been refused him by the authorities of his Church. This gives a touch of personal interest to "*Paul and his Interpreters*," which forms a link between the writer's former work and one on "*The Pauline Mysticism*," which is promised at an early date.

The secret of Paul died with him. Perhaps only one man of a later generation, Marcion, understood him; and he, it has been said, misunderstood him. The key to the Pauline problem has been lost.

"The great and undischarged task which confronts those engaged in the historical study of primitive Christianity is to explain how the teaching of Jesus developed into the early Greek theology in the form in which it appears in the works of Ignatius, Tertullian, and Irenaeus. How could the doctrinal system of Paul arise on the basis of the life and work of Jesus and the beliefs of the primitive community? And how did the early Greek theology arise out of Paulinism?"

It was the great and enduring merit of F. C. Baur to have recognised this—to have allowed "the texts to speak for themselves, and mean what they say." This gives his work, in spite of its Hegelian prepossessions, lasting value. The reaction against the Tübingen School has gone too far and lasted too long. "It has always been the weakness of theological scholarship to talk much about method, and possess little of it," says Schweitzer, acutely; the words may serve as an epitaph on nine-tenths of the criticism to which Baur's epoch-making works gave rise. Two notable exceptions must be made. As early as 1872 Hermann Lüdemann recognised a material element in the Pauline doctrine of redemption; and, in 1893, Richard Kabisch, seeing in St. Paul's eschatology the foundation of his dogmatics and ethics, argued not merely for the presence but for the predominance of this "physical" strain. In a note written for the English translation, Schweitzer explains the sense in which this term—*naturhaft*—is employed.

"In the special sense in which it is here used, *naturhaft* is intended to convey that it is not a question of a purely spiritual redemption, but that the whole physical and hyper-physical being of the man is thereby translated into a new condition. Body and soul are redeemed together; and in such a way that not only the elect portion of mankind, but the whole world, is completely transformed in a great catastrophic event."

The bearing of this on the doctrine of the Sacraments is obvious—the Thomists hold their causality to be physical; and it is to be connected with the "Resurrection of the Body" in the creed.

The exposition of Schweitzer's view is reserved for another treatise, but its outlines are clear. The physical element in Paulinism is for him the key to the system. Hence its peculiar sacramentalism, which is a theological construction, not an adaptation from non-Christian sources, yet differs fundamentally both from its Johannine teaching and

from the developed doctrine of the later Church. The time-element is an essential part of the conception.

"Everywhere in the Pauline sacraments the eschatological interest breaks through. They effect not rebirth, but resurrection. That which in the near future is to become visible reality they make in the present invisibly real by anticipation. The Greek Mysteries are timeless. They reach back to primitive antiquity, and they profess to be able to manifest their power in all generations. In Paul the sacraments have temporal boundaries. Their power is derived from the events of the last times. They put believers in the same position as the Lord in that they cause them to experience a resurrection a few world-moments before the time, even though this does not in any way become manifest. It is a precursive phenomenon of the approaching end of the world."

Schweitzer's negative arguments are more conclusive than his positive; we may suspend judgment both as to the predestination doctrine attributed to St. Paul, and the "eschatological sacraments" of the Baptist and of primitive Christianity. But he has shown clearly enough what was not the origin of the mystical and sacramental side of Christianity, and—what is perhaps still more important—the prominence of the time and place element in its earliest records and most rudimentary stages. To look for a "pure" Gospel, if by a "pure" Gospel is meant one uncolored by the medium in which it appeared and the channels by which it has been transmitted, is to look for the non-existent. The laws of mind forbid it; such a Gospel there has never been, and will never be. And in the particular case,

"an explanation which shows that the Apostle's system is based on the most primitive eschatological premises, and at the same time makes it intelligible why subsequent generations could not continue to follow the road on which he started, thereby demonstrates his primitive Christianity, and, to this extent, also the genuineness of his chief Epistles. Anyone who works out this solution is the true pupil of Baur, however widely he may diverge from him in his views and results."

Professor Deissmann's "*St. Paul*" is a collection of lectures given at Upsala in 1910. Their popular and pulpit form has not affected their substance, and they present a marked contrast to the work which would be produced under similar circumstances by an English professor of divinity. The reliance of the author on the testimony of the writer of the Third Gospel and the Acts, whom he identifies with Luke, is perhaps excessive; and his criticism of Loisy's "hypertrophied critical mistrust" of this source has been answered by that scholar in a recent number of the "*Revue d'histoire et de littérature religieuses*." There is little doubt that, attaching all due weight to Harnack's argument in his favor, Luke—if Luke he be—is a witness whose tendency, as well as his competence, has to be reckoned with; and that his statements are frequently and deliberately colored by the purpose which he has in view.

The personal element in St. Paul is vividly brought out; and the silence of secular history on the subject of the Christian propaganda is aptly illustrated. "The appearance of this one itinerant preacher of religion beside all the emissaries of other cults in the great cities of the Mediterranean coast was no more noticed than the appearance of an American Adventist would be regarded in Berlin or Hamburg nowadays." On the sacramentalism which certain critics have traced to the Apostle, Deissmann remarks,

"The assertion that in St. Paul baptism is the means of access to Christ, I take to be incorrect. There are passages which, if isolated, might be held to prove it; but I think it is nevertheless more correct to say that baptism does not bring about but only sets the seal to the fellowship of Christ. In St. Paul's own case it was not baptism that was decisive, but the appearance of Christ to him before Damascus; nor did he consider himself commissioned to baptise, but to evangelise. The Lord's Supper, again, was to him not the real cause of fellowship with Christ, but an expression of this fellowship; it was an especially intimate contact with the Lord. Neither baptism nor the Lord's Supper is to be regarded as of magical effect. In every case it is God's grace that is decisive."

On this subject, as on that of his conversion, we shall be well advised to connect the Apostle's thought with his environment. An experience or a thought is unthinkable which does not take the complexion of the surroundings in which it occurs.

CLARA SCHUMANN.

"Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life, based on Materials found in Diaries and Letters." By BERTHOLD LITZMANN. Translated and Abridged from the Fourth Edition by GRACE E. HADOW, with a Preface by W. H. HADOW. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

SOME day there will have to be founded an English Society for the Drastic Abbreviation of German Works of Biography. It is curious that a race possessing so fine a sense of form in music should exhibit an almost complete failure of the sense in many of its best biographies of musicians. Thayer's "Beethoven," Spitta's "Bach," Jahn's "Mozart," Decsey's "Hugo Wolf," to take a few examples at random, are all far too long and too unwieldy. How are we to explain this passion of the German biographer for overlaying his child? One would be inclined to call the psychological state at the root of it a sort of elephantiasis, were it not that, if we are to have an animal simile at all, we are rather reminded of the story that Berlioz used to apply to the over-zealous conductor—the classical story of the ass who, for joy at meeting his master, clasped him in a passionate embrace and knocked the poor man down. If Clara Schumann is not buried under the devotion of Litzmann, it is not his fault: such a deluge of words is enough to obscure the lineaments of any subject. There is nothing in the subject itself to justify a performance like this of Litzmann's; there has never been a purely executive artist yet whose whole life could not be adequately told in a hundred pages. Clara Schumann, it is true, composed, but even her admirers lay no great store by her compositions. She was a pianist pure and simple; and a biography of her that runs, even in the abbreviated English version, to nine hundred pages, is at least nine times too long. The other eight-ninths are either wearisome repetitions or details not worth the recording.

To be quite frank, Clara Schumann meant a great deal more to the little group that gathered round her in her latter days, and that is still commendably faithful to her memory, than she does to the musical world at large. She is not big enough to fill the great stage her thrusters insist on thrusting her upon. A chivalrous sympathy for the woman who had such heavy burdens to bear, and bore them so bravely, has rather blunted the critical sense of many people. As to her position among the great pianists, it is useless to argue. Everyone has his own notion of the ideal pianist, and if a certain number of musicians find their ideal in Clara Schumann, it is not for the rest of the world to say them nay. Perhaps some of them overrated her because she belonged to the same school of musical thought as themselves. She and the Brahms and Joachim group in general regarded Liszt as a semi-charlatan who was ruining musical taste, and looked upon themselves as the heaven-sent custodians of the sacred classical spirit. But Wagner was a musician whose views on Beethoven are not to be despised; and we all remember Wagner's contemptuous comparison of Brahms's Beethoven interpretations with Liszt's. There is piquancy, again, in the remark that Liszt once let fall—"If you want to hear Schumann's music as it should *not* be played, listen to Clara." Dr. Hadow, in his interesting preface to the present volumes, says that as a pianist "no one combined all her gifts"; to which exaggerated praise it need only be replied that neither did she combine the gifts of all the others. Dr. Hadow can only justify his assertion that she took "perhaps the highest" rank "among the great pianoforte players of her time" by setting up for piano playing in general a sort of standard to which her style more particularly conformed. "None," he says, "could reconcile such warmth of emotion with such inherent reverence for the chastity of art." There, perhaps, we have the explanation of the exaggerated claim that is made on her behalf. The "chastity of art" is an obviously false standard to set up—false because it can only measure the things in which chastity is the dominant factor. You cannot speak with any real meaning of the chastity of "Lear," or "Hamlet," or "Othello," or "Tristan," or a thousand other masterpieces. Liszt's Beethoven may not have been so "chaste" as Clara Schumann's; but it may well have been far grander. Clara's reputation as a pianist is great enough and well enough deserved; it is really doing her a disservice to claim for her more than reason can honestly grant.

The world, and more especially the English world, has

not been slow to recognise the hardness of the lot of this woman during the forty years that elapsed between Schumann's death and her own, nor the splendid courage with which she faced her trials. But for all that, one cannot help feeling, as one reads through the diaries and the letters that Litzmann has printed with such maddening copiousness, that her personality was not altogether a sympathetic one. Her training as a child by that calculating machine, her father, made her unduly serious towards both life and art; in all the nine hundred pages there is not the tiniest hint of the possession of any sense of humor. The consequence was that she often took herself not only too seriously but just a little priggishly. In all musical literature there is nothing quite so unconsciously comic as that letter of Frau von Herzogenberg to Brahms, in which she echoes Clara's horror at being asked to play at a concert at which the final scene from the "Valkyrie" was also to be given. "It is inconceivable that she should play. There really is a want of delicacy in the arrangement." To the Schumannkins, Clara's attitude towards Wagner was that of a priestess nobly bent on ousting the defiler of the temple. To the outsider it is merely the revolt of a rather limited and prudish artistic intelligence against something quite beyond its comprehension. Brahms, it seems, was as blind as any of them. After hearing the "Meistersinger" in 1870, he condescendingly remarked in a letter to Clara, "I am not enthusiastic myself either about this work or about Wagner in general. But I listen to it as attentively as possible, and as often as I can stand it." And then comes a delicious passage that the world will not willingly let die: "One thing I know; in all else that I try my hand at, I tread on the heels of my predecessors, whom I feel in my way; I could write an opera with the greatest pleasure without feeling Wagner in the least in my way." Clara was no less condescending. "The enthusiasm for Wagner seems to be a kind of disease which sweeps across the country and carries away the best people." "Tristan" was "the most repulsive thing I ever saw or heard in my life . . . It is a disease, and they tear their hearts out of their bodies, while the music expresses it all in the most repulsive manner." At a performance of the "Rheingold," "I felt as if I were wading about in a swamp. . . . How posterity will marvel at an aberration like this spreading all over the world!" After hearing the "Valkyrie," she finds "some well-sounding passages, but many reminiscences of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Marschner. Otherwise my opinion has not changed."

Clara's personality is one to be regarded, for many reasons, with affection and admiration, but it is not one out of which any biographer could make a readable book on the scale that Litzmann has attempted. Her love for Schumann, the father's frustration of the lovers' desires, the weary waiting, the final happy union—all this, as told in cold print, is not so different in essence from the similar experiences of innumerable Edwins and Angelinas that we can keep up our interest in it through Litzmann's interminable pages of quotations: there is really a limit to what we can stand in the repetition of "my Clara" and "my Robert." The story is told with such relentless insistence on detail that in the end it becomes not only wearisome but a trifle commonplace. One is driven to the conclusion that both Clara and Robert took an abnormal and rather morbid interest in themselves. The diary habit became such an obsession with Clara that night after night during the awful days of Schumann's first removal to the asylum she could sit up committing every event and every emotion of the day to paper. No one, of course, would dream of questioning the sincerity of her grief: but the diary sounds a slightly unpleasant note of secret satisfaction at being under her own microscope. Still these revelations have a genuine psychological interest. There is less excuse for Litzmann reprinting hundreds of pages of extracts from Clara's diaries and letters of the last forty years of her life, that are largely repetitions of the same phrases about her concerts, the works she played, the tremors she felt, and the enthusiasm of the audience. It is right enough for pianists and fiddlers to be intensely interested in the daily details of their work while they are alive; but these details have little interest for the world a generation or so after they are dead. Clara was no thinker, and it is rarely that she has anything illuminative to say about art in the abstract or in the concrete. Compared with Wagner and Liszt, she gives us the impression of a mind

slightly provincial and bourgeois. The one strong current running through this thin stream of small talk is her correspondence with Brahms; the freedom and honesty of her criticisms of his work increase our respect for her.

These volumes have been printed in Germany, and the proofs, apparently, left to a German reader. Probably no book has ever appeared in England with so many printer's errors: there are almost enough of them to make a volume of themselves. A long list of errata appears at the beginning of each volume, but there are scores of others.

THE ARENA.

"*Blood and Sand.*" By VINCENT BLASCO IBANEZ. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. GILLESPIE. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

WARM thanks are due to Mrs. W. A. Gillespie for this welcome translation of an admirable novel. It is really a serious reflection on the incurious indifference of the English public that Ibañez's masterly pictures of the life of modern Spain should be turned away from our publishers' doors while their counters are choked with editions of vapid, sentimental, or sensational stories. For Ibañez is a master whose profound knowledge of men and manners is evidenced by the sweeping breadth of his pictures and their wealth of intimate detail. He paints with the freshness, ease, and rapidity of a creative genius whose fecundity springs from an ever-flowing sympathy with human feeling and an insatiable curiosity about life. Moreover, to a Northern eye, Ibañez's pictures are particularly grateful by reason of their clear, strong color and broadly handled masses of light and shade. In them there is nothing niggling or petty in stroke, or misty or watery in hue, qualities which make so much of Northern art seem so tame and indecisive by the side of good examples of Southern rich and ardent vitality. In short, the glowing warmth and supple outlines of Ibañez's scenes are as natural a corrective to our English literary stiffness and colorlessness as a generous Southern vintage is to the stomach in our cold, leaden climate, and it is proof of our insular narrowness that translations of the Spanish master's works should have to go begging for years the length of Paternoster Row.

In "*Blood and Sand*" Ibañez treats with his extraordinary sureness the subject of the great national sport, bull-fighting, which opens the doors of one of the inner chambers of the national life. The hero, Juan Gallardo, the famous young matador, the idol of the populace, is at the height of his fame when the story opens. In Chapter I. we have a masterly description of the waves of nervous anguish and superstitious apprehension which assail the matador, alone in his hotel, in the wearisome hours of waiting before he is due in the ring in the Plaza of Madrid. We assist at his punctilious toilet in his room, thronged by his sycophants and partisans, and pass with him, with his troop of banderillos, picadors, and peons, through the noisy, acclaiming crowd, on his drive to the Plaza, where fourteen thousand spectators await the "Maestros." Gallardo has taken the public by storm by his daring disregard of the established rules of his art. Confident in his magnificent strength and agility, he takes risks that appear suicidal, throwing himself boldly on the bull, and killing it at the instant the beast charges. He is daringly sensational in his cloak-play, exposing himself, touching the bull's muzzle with his foot, and even kneeling down close to its horns. By his reckless bravery, Gallardo earns the thundering acclamations of the vast audience, excited to wild enthusiasm by his danger, and secretly lustfully for a sensational death. Gallardo always gives the populace its money's worth, and in this spectacle of the big Madrid "*corrida*," as painted by Ibañez, with its surge of popular, passionate excitement, we live again the life of the Roman gladiators in the classic arena.

The second chapter sketches with convincing precision the steps of Gallardo's rapid rise to fame and fortune, from the days when, as a tattered, penniless lad, the son of a Seville cobbler, he consorted with all the riff-raff of the streets, and wandered, in vagabond-wise, from town to town, baiting the young bulls in the village "*cabeas*," often begging or stealing his food, and sleeping in the peasants'

huts. But from the day young Gallardo appeared in a Seville "*corrida*," and astonished the spectators by his daring and luck, his life was changed. Everyone in Seville talked of "the torero of the future," and soon he is a recognised matador, travelling from end to end of Spain to fulfil his engagements in the season; and wherever he goes he is acclaimed as the popular hero, and passes from triumph to triumph. He now earns enormous sums, marries a pretty girl, rescues his relatives from their poverty, builds a town house for his mother, associates with wealthy sportsmen and landed proprietors, is elected to exclusive clubs, and finally purchases a large landed estate, La Rinconada, where he breeds cattle and horses, and lives the life of a country gentleman in the slack season. This is the only time when he and his wife, the beautiful Carmen, are free from cruel anxiety, for in the summer her husband rushes from town to town, snatching his night's sleep in the train, and killing bulls in the day, while she, trembling, waits each evening the telegram, "Nothing new," which tells her that her beloved Juanillo has once more escaped death. In Chapter III. the episode of the great lady, Doña Sol's fleeting amour with the famous torero, who has excited her feminine curiosity, is handled with a diverting, grave humor. Doña Sol, the niece of the great nobleman, the Marquis de Moraim, and the wife of an old Ambassador, has travelled far, and amused herself in every European capital. She is avid of new sensations, plays, sings, hunts, rides, turns men's heads everywhere, and follows all her caprices. But when Gallardo, this "real hero, simple, embarrassed, retiring, like all strong men," finds himself at last *tête-à-tête* with this aristocratic woman, he is shy and timid as a lad, feeling awkward and embarrassed by the imposing apartments and the elegant bearing of his hostess. He nearly falls asleep after dinner, when Doña Sol goes to the piano and sings "*Elsa's Prayer*" to the invincible warrior, "that strong and tender hero," whose image floats vaguely yet insistently in every woman's consciousness. But Doña Sol has pity on her new hero's shyness, and Gallardo loses nothing by his failure to take the initiative. The intimacy between the two gives Ibañez one of those opportunities which he is always quick to seize for broadening his national pictures, by introducing and contrasting types from different social strata.

Very clever in its naturalness and ease is the description in Chapter V. of the visit paid to the grange, La Rinconada, by Doña Sol, when the famous bandit, El Plumitas, makes his appearance unexpectedly, and is given breakfast by Gallardo and the admiring retainers. The charm of Southern life, where men of all classes can meet and converse easily on a simple human basis, is felt strongly here as in the atmosphere of so many Latin classics. And the story Plumitas tells of his wandering, hunted life, of his failure to get justice when he was a poor sacristan, of his taking to the road, of his numerous man-slayings and other audacious feats, all imbue his hearers and Doña Sol with the deepest sympathy for the terrible bandit. Doña Sol is indeed fascinated by the address and fearless, ferocious temperament of the bandit, who refuses to take money from his hostess, but accepts, with grateful surprise, her gift of a flower. "Is this for me?" said the bandit, wondering; "for me, Señora Marquesa?" And the author brings the scene to a close with the pregnant remark: "It was fortunate that Plumitas was ugly, and was dirty and ragged as a vagabond. Otherwise, she would have gone with him."

So far we have indicated, in hurried outline, the main features of the matador's career; but it is in the last third of the novel that Ibañez impresses us most deeply with the depth of his insight and artistic craft. Gallardo's fall from the favor of the fickle populace is typical of every gladiator's fate. To-day he is the hero of the mob, to-morrow hissed and derided, in a year dead or forgotten. The last corrida of the year is fatal to Gallardo. He is unlucky with his first bull, his rapier striking on a bone, and when at length he finds the vulnerable spot and kills, the crowd still insults him. His second bull rears unexpectedly and throws the matador down, and then lifts the insensible man on his horns and flings him far away. Gallardo's life is saved by El Nacional, his devoted banderillo, but his leg is broken and his nerve is shattered. He recovers seemingly; but when he re-enters the bullring he is a changed man. No longer does he dare his old fearless manoeuvre of throwing himself boldly on the bull.

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Despite his intention, he always involuntarily shortens his arm, and so his stroke miscarries. The public proceeds to hoot its former idol, and his warmest partisans are now anxious and downcast. Gallardo, after the black day of his first re-appearance, when he is disgraced in the arena and hissed in the streets, while the women turn their backs on him, determines to retrieve his fame or die at his next corrida. In the magnificent description in the last chapter we see Carmen, the matador's wife, now consumed with anxiety for his safety, waiting in the courtyard behind the arena, where the gored, tortured horses are barbarously patched up by the grooms, and forced back to their death by the picadors. Carmen, like the world of spectators, had only seen the brilliant outside of her husband's triumphs, the flashing, picturesque spectacle of his exploits, and the sumptuous procession at the *festas*; but now her horrified senses grasp its odious secret side—the torturing, maiming, and death of weak and suffering animals. She lights tapers before the shrine of the Virgin of the Dove in the little chapel at the back of the circus, where the toreros kneel and pray; but she is forced by her anxiety back to the courtyard, which is running with the blood of the wounded animals. From the arena comes the intermittent roar of thousands of voices, the volcano of human passion, then a tornado of applause, then a tragic silence. Carmen trembles with fear, and then hurries away, unable to bear her torture longer. And at that moment, indeed, her husband, who has performed magnificent feats, is being killed by his second beast, the "cowardly" bull. He is gored fatally in the stomach, rises, staggers like a drunken man, falls flat on the sand, is carried away by the attendants, and dies in the infirmary without speaking a word. And as his friend, El Nacional, the old banderillo, weeps in the courtyard, to him comes the sound of music and the thunder of applause from the arena. "It was the roaring of the wild beast, the true and only one."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"*The Married Life of Queen Victoria.*" By CLARE JERROLD. (Nash. 15s. net.)

As in her former volume, "*The Early Court of Queen Victoria*," so in that now before us, Mrs. Jerrold gives us a book which is free from the fulsome adulation which so many writers have lavished upon Queen Victoria. It will, indeed, surprise those who have grown up in the tradition that the Queen was above criticism to read the squibs and burlesques to be found in Mrs. Jerrold's book. Whatever may have been the faults of early Victorian days, servility towards royalty was not one of them, and writers were accustomed to express themselves with much frankness concerning both the Queen and Prince Albert. Mrs. Jerrold's chapter on "*The Queen and Ireland*," especially the pages that deal with the famine, furnish proof of this, and present Queen Victoria in anything but an attractive light. We must not, however, give the impression that the author is in any way antagonistic to the Queen. She relates her mistakes as well as her virtues, and as the latter far outweigh the former, the impression left on the reader's mind is that if Queen Victoria was neither so infallible nor so impeccable as it has been the fashion to describe her, she was a great Queen and a good woman. Mrs. Jerrold is to be congratulated on being one of the first writers on the subject to free herself from the sentimental haze that has so long obscured Queen Victoria's life and character.

"*The Tragedy of Isabella II.*" By FRANCIS GRIBLE. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)

MR. GRIBLE's biography of the grandmother of the present King of Spain is the first to appear in either French or English, though, as Isabella II. only died in 1904, it is likely to have several successors in both languages. For Isabella's career, so full of scandal and intrigue, provides abundant scope for the purveyors of "romantic biographies." In the present volume Mr. Gribble is more discreet than he has shown himself on former occasions, and his work deserves to be judged as a serious contribution to history. He gives a good account of the hereditary influences and early environment which go a long way to explain Isabella's character, and he describes the intrigues that centred around her marriage with her cousin in 1846, intrigues in which this country played no inconsiderable part. From 1843,

when Isabella was declared by the Cortes to be of age at thirteen, until her expulsion twenty-five years later, the Spanish Court was a hotbed of scandal, military conspiracies, and ecclesiastical intrigue. It was, says Mr. Gribble, "at one and the same time the most corrupt Court in Europe and also the most pious—and that without the smallest shadow of conscious insincerity." Isabella went into exile in 1868, making a contemptible exit in company with her husband, her confessor, and her lover. Two years later she formally abdicated in favor of her son Alphonso XII., and she spent the remainder of her life in Paris until her death in 1904.

* * *

"*The Chapels Royal.*" By ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR. (Nash. 20s. net.)

It will surprise some readers of Archdeacon Sinclair's book to find that the number of royal chapels is so large. Archdeacon Sinclair enumerates twenty, including seven in Scotland and one in Ireland. Most of these have fallen into ruin, or are used for secular purposes. The latter is the case with the chapel of Stirling Castle, which is now used as a barrack store. Recently there was a project to restore it, but the architects reported that no architectural features of interest have survived, and it is probable that the building will never be employed again for its original purpose. Others of the royal chapels have passed into private hands, and one at least is now used for Catholic worship. Archdeacon Sinclair's book is not a work of research. It gives the main historical facts about these buildings and some of the sovereigns to whom they belonged in agreeable but not always thoroughly accurate fashion, while Mr. Louis Weirter's pictures help to make the volume a handsome gift-book.

* * *

"*The Brenner Pass.*" By CONSTANCE LEIGH CLARE. (Bennett. 6s. net.)

THE Tyrol, and particularly the Brenner Pass, is rich in historical memories. The pass was the main gateway from the north, through which the Teutonic invaders poured into the fertile Italian plains, traversing the very road that the Roman conqueror had constructed some centuries before. During the Middle Ages the military route became a commercial one, and there was little to disturb the Tyrolier's peace of mind until the end of the eighteenth century, when, in the conflict between France and Austria, Tyrol was subjected to repeated inroads by Napoleon's troops. There was no fighting on the actual Pass, it is true; but Berg Isel was the scene of three bloody battles, in the last of which Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot and leader, met his final defeat. The author of this pleasant volume sketches the history of Tyrol and tells us much about its present-day inhabitants, the social customs, the superstitions, the legends, the romantic beauty of the scenery, and the cheapness of the inns. Her itinerary begins with Kufstein in the north and ends at the Lake of Garda. She visited Innsbruck, Brixen, Bozen, and Trent, to name the more important places found on the route, and of these and others she has many personal anecdotes to relate, as well as much lore garnered from German literary sources. The illustrations in color and monotone, by J. F. Leigh Clare, are most successful where they are least ambitious.

The Monthly Reviews.

"*THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*" for August opens with an article by Lord Cromer on "The Capitulations in Egypt," and contains, among other articles of political interest, "The Reawakening of France" by Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill, "How to Restore Our Military Efficiency" by the Duke of Bedford, "The Nationalities of Ulster and Wales" by Sir Roper Lethbridge, and "An Imperial Deadlock, and the Way Out: an English Canadian's Answer" by Mr. Arthur Hawkes. In "*The Contemporary Review*" Mr. Harold Spender discusses the question "Will the Government Survive?" Professor C. H. Oldham writes on "The Record of Ulster in Irish Patriotism" and Mr. J. H. Harley on "Labor Legislation and the Australian Elections." Mr. L. J. Maxse gives a great deal of space in "*The National Review*" to an article entitled "The Fight for Clean Government," and Professor Stephen Leacock treats of "The Canadian Senate and the Naval Bill." Among the general articles in the reviews are "A Remembrance of George

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[July 5, 1913.]

Eliot" by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Woman and Poet" by Miss Emily Hickey in "The Nineteenth Century"; "Mrs. Gertrude Bone's Tales" by Mr. Edward Garnett in "The Contemporary Review"; and "Some Glimpses of Disraeli" by Mrs. Hugh Wyndham in "The National Review."

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning.	Price Friday morning. June 27.	Price Friday morning. July 4.
Consols	72½	72½	72½
Midland Deferred	74	73½	73½
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The need for liquid capital, and the difficulties that even the most powerful borrowers are experiencing in obtaining accommodation at other than usurious rates, may well attract the attention of shrewd investors. But the average man still holds back, because he does not like to buy in a falling market, unless there is some proof that it is near the bottom. The abnormality of the situation may be shown by contrasting the position of two recent borrowers. Three years ago Swedish 3½ per cents. stood at 95. Sweden is just as good security now as then, and yet a fortnight ago the Swedish Government was glad to borrow in Paris at about 4½ per cent. One wonders why, in a prosperous country like Sweden, the Government does not insist, in times like these, on a surplus of revenue over expenditure. Whatever may be said against our own Government on the score of extravagance, it has set an example to Europe in the matter of maintaining a large sinking fund; and, unpopular as Radicalism is in the City, there are many bankers and shrewd business men who secretly bless Mr. Asquith for setting an example which has been followed by his successor. The difference to British credit generally between the state of the Consol Market as it is and as it would be if the Government were borrowing in the German fashion is simply prodigious. My other example is that of Mexico. Three years ago Mexican Fours rose to nearly par. This week the Mexican Government, with the aid of a strong banking syndicate, is borrowing in London, Paris, and other centres, through bonds secured on the customs, at a rate which works out at over 6½ per cent! Of course, this is explained largely by the civil war in Mexico and the weakness of the Government. But when all allowance is made for this, the issue of the new Mexican Loan must be held to mark the general nervousness and the extreme scarcity of liquid capital in comparison with the demand. Meanwhile, the trade boom continues, and a marked recovery in shipping freights is recorded, which augurs well for Great Britain. Our farmers are also benefiting by splendid hay-crops, which are now safely harvested in most of the Southern and many of the Midland counties. The grain crops in Europe and America also promise fairly well, to judge from the Corn Market. The revenue returns for the first quarter of the financial year support Mr. Lloyd George's optimistic estimates. And, finally, the prospects of a speedy reduction in the United States Tariff are more rosy than ever, after the Mulhall revelations of protectionist corruption. On the whole, therefore, the outlook for manufacturers and merchants is excellent, provided that a severe financial crisis can be avoided. I find that bankers in the City regard the situation as fundamentally sound; though, of course, the Balkan War causes great anxiety.

MEXICAN CREDIT.

A correspondent writes:—The long-expected Mexican Loan has made its appearance. It has been delayed in the double hope of easier financial conditions in London and improved internal conditions in Mexico; but the latter hope has hardly been fulfilled, for, though the outlook may be temporarily brighter, it is difficult at present to place any great degree of faith in the stability of the Mexican régime. The total amount of the issue is £6,000,000, of which £1,450,000 is offered in London, and the remainder in Paris, Amsterdam, Geneva, Brussels, and New York. The issue takes the form of 6 per cent. ten-year Treasury bonds, and at the issue price of 96 per cent. the bonds give the remarkably high yield of £6 11s. 4d. per cent. In view of this new

issue, the investor may profitably consider how Mexican credit has fared during the past few years. The following table shows the movements in the prices of the three chief Mexican Federal Government loans quoted on the London Stock Exchange for the present year and for the year 1910, together with the present price and yield in each instance:—

	Prices in 1910. (to date)						Yield at High- est. Low- est. High- est. Low- est. Present Price % £ s. d.				
	5 % Consolidated Internal Silver Loan	5 % Consolidated External 1905	4 % Gold Loan, 1904	54½	50½	48	39½	40	6	5	0
				99½	99½	100½	94	95	5	5	9
				99½	94	88	78	78	5	2	6

The 4 per cent. Gold Loan of 1904 was issued at the price of 94 per cent., so that the Mexican Government could borrow nine years ago at the rate of about £4 7s. per cent., whereas to-day it has been compelled to raise its terms above the 6½ per cent. level. The 5 per cent. Consolidated External Loan has fallen roughly 12 points, the 4 per cent. Gold Loan 18½ points, and the 5 per cent. External 7½ points below the mean price of 1910. This is not remarkable when one considers the years of ceaseless and devastating civil strife through which the unfortunate State has passed. The development of the trade and commerce of the country has been fatally hampered by the lack of the settled conditions that are essential to prosperity. However, the revenue returns have not suffered so much as might have been expected. The proceeds of the import and export duties, it is true, fell from £4,910,465 in 1910-11 to £4,268,636 in 1911-12, but for the eleven months ending May 31st, 1913, the receipts from this source already amounted to £4,412,809. These figures tend to show that if once a stable Government can be established and domestic peace is assured, the trade of the country is likely to recover quickly. The Mexican Government undertakes to set aside 38 per cent. of the customs duties for the service of the new loan—a sum that is sufficient, even if customs receipts remain stationary, to cover the charges on the whole of the present issue of £6,000,000 and on the total authorised issue of £20,000,000. It would be rash to prophesy any sudden or startling improvement in Mexican affairs at present, but even if matters do not get worse there is good security for the issue. One ought not, of course, to describe anything connected with Mexico as "safe," but the high yield offered—which compares very favorably with the yield on the existing issues—may very reasonably attract investors, who can afford to run risks.

THE RAND STRIKE.

Unrest among the white miners on the Rand has been simmering for some time, and it has now developed into a serious strike. The present quarrel, which is perhaps only a convenient pretext for a strike, originated at the end of May in an attempt by the directors of the Kleinfontein mine to make a fresh arrangement of working hours for five workmen. Until a few days ago it was hoped that the trouble would be confined to a few mines in the Eastern section of the Rand. But the telegrams of the last few days show that the strike of white miners has become general over a wide area, and there is also considerable fear that the strikers will be supported by sympathetic strikes by railwaymen and other workers. The men are determined, and have shown an ugly spirit in certain attempts to destroy power stations. The news has caused much nervousness in the City, and prices of Rand shares have fallen sharply. There has been so much liquidation lately in the Kaffir Market, that the slump caused by this new misfortune is not so severe as might have been expected. The Union Government are sure to bring all possible pressure to bear to bring the strike to a speedy end; but even a short cessation will have a widely felt effect. It will affect Kaffir shareholders directly, as is shown by the East Rand Proprietary directors' decision to postpone the declaration of their half-yearly dividend; while the stoppage of Rand gold production, and the consequent decrease in the weekly shipments of bar gold will be felt in all financial centres, particularly London. It is most unfortunate that the trouble should have come to a head at a time when all the financial centres of Europe are suffering from a lack of gold; but if, as may be confidently hoped, the strike is short and sharp, no very great harm may perhaps have been done.

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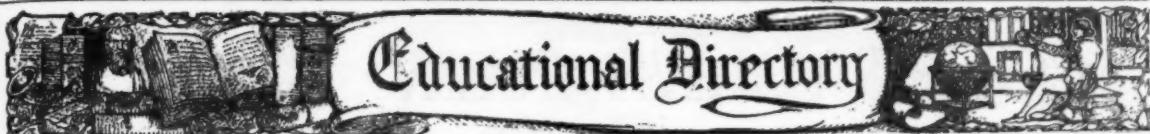
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